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LIVELY DAYS

SOME MEMOIRS OF MARGARET HOMER SHURCLIFF

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Figure 1. Portrait of Margaret H. Shurcliff by Charles Hopkinson.

Lively Days

Some Memoirs of Margaret Homer Shurcliff

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DEDICATION

To my children, Sidney, Sarah, William,
John, Elizabeth and Alice

PREFACE

My mother completed her memoirs of the 1880's and 1890's but left unfinished those of later years It was, therefore, necessary for me to select sections from the manuscript which seemed suitable for publication and to arrange them in topical order. The whole manuscript was editd by Louida Wendell Cookson and checked for accuracy by various members of the family.

My title for the book, *Lively Days*, is intended to convey much the same meaning as the title she had selected for the first chapters, namely *Sporting Days*.

ALICE W. SHURCLIFF

Taipei, June 1965

Table of Contents

I ROXBURY 1

II MOUNT VERNON STREET 6

Mrs. Shaw's School. Monument Hill.
Mrs. Folsom's School. Papanti's.
Riding Classes

III THE CURTISES' BACK YARD 16

IV HELP! HELP! 23

V SUNDAYS AND RAINY DAYS 25

VI RYE BEACH 28

VII CORNISH 34

Visiting at Manchester and New Boston.
A Nova Scotia Holiday

VIII COMING OUT 41

IX CARPENTRY 43
Ellis Memorial Club. School of Design

X LONGWOOD CRICKET CLUB 49
Early Tennis. The Ladies Singles. Later Matches

XI 1905 - 1914 56

XII ENGLISH BELLS 60
The Bells of Christ Church. The Old Colony Guild

XIII RINGING IN ENGLAND 65
Change Ringing. Arrival in England. Our Feat with Handbells. Tennis at Queens Club. The Lady Burglar. Triumph with the College Youths. Other Successes. The United States Peal

XIV RINGING IN BOSTON 77
The Boston Guild. Candle Lighting Begins. Ringing the Carols. Special Engagements. Spontaneous Musical Groups. The Yale Celebration. New Bands

XV AUGUSTUS SAINT GAUDENS 87
The Saint Gaudens' in Cornish. The Anniversary Masque

XVI THE WOMEN'S PEACE PARTY 91

XVII THE LEAGUE FOR DEMOCRATIC CONTROL .. 94
Labor Disputes. Sacco and Vanzetti. Cero and Gallo

XVIII THE EXAMINING COMMITTEE 104

XIX PROWLERS AND BURGLARS 107

XX A REPORT CENTER TELEPHONIST 111

XXI THE BATTLE OF THE BRICKS 113

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I

Roxbury

The Warren House at 130 Warren Street, Roxbury, Massachusetts, in which I was born in October 1879 is still standing (1959). It is a high studded two-story stone house with a balcony over the vestibule, set well back from the street. In the rear there used to be a stable in which we kept our horse and dog cart. Here by the open barn door our old Saint Bernard dog, Jack, was always to be found sunning himself. When my father was on a walking trip in Switzerland in 1868 he had bought the dog as a puppy from the Schumacher Kennels in Holligen near Berne. Jack was the first Saint Bernard dog to be imported to America and whenever he entered a dog show he always won the first prize, not only because he was a fine dog, but because there were no competitors. He weighed about one hundred sixty pounds and was the immigrant ancestor of many valuable dogs. He lived to such a ripe old age that he could no longer elevate himself to a standing position, but we children, combining our forces in a good pull on the tail, could get him on his feet.

Warren Street was a busy main street and I enjoyed watching the traffic, especially the horse cars. Our house was at top of a slight hill, and though the grade was gentle an extra horse was attached to each horse car to help pull on the uphill stretch. Right in front of our window the boy in charge of the extra horse would miraculously extricate himself and the whiffletree from the moving car, then climb on the horse's back and leisurely ride down to the foot of the hill to await the next car. Occasionally he allowed a friend to ride behind him, and how I longed for a ride. No such thought entered the heads of my elders and I longed in vain. Sometimes I was taken to Boston in the horse cars and greatly enjoyed the trip. To alleviate the cold in winter a stove was sometimes going in the rear end of the car and always straw lay deep on the floor. I liked to sit far up front and watch the driver manage the well-trained horses, with a "Getup" or "Whoaback." To apply the brakes the driver turned a crank with a shiny solid brass handle. He turned it round and round many times before it had any effect on the wheels and when it began to grip it could be held at varying degrees of tightness by means of a foot ratchet. To bring the car to a standstill the driver would pull the crank very hard; when he released the ratchet with his foot, the handle would untwist with a rapid spin. Then the driver would wind up again to prepare

for the next stop, his right hand always busy with the brake while he controlled the horse with the left. The whip was never used. When we approached a switch the conductor ran on ahead wth a switch stick, slid the switch, and then jumped on the moving car.

At the arrival of warm weather open horse cars were brought out of the barns. These had rows of reversible seats, the width of the car, facing forwards, and a long low runningboard on each outer side. At rush hours men boarded the car from all sides and there seemed to be no limit to the number or passengers who could squeeze a foothold. After the seats and the front and back platforms were filled ladies could be crowded in, standing on the feet of those luckily seated; men would pile onto the runningboard as long as a grip for a hand and space for a toe could be found. When one such overcrowded car met another, passengers on the inside running-board had to flatten themselves out or be knocked off.

It was an easy matter to escape paying a carfare as the conductor had great difficulty making the rounds. Painfully and not without danger, he managed to move forward by practically embracing in turn each standee on the running board, and then jump off the car and leap on again at the rear. End-seat hogs were much in evidence, but I preferred standing on the running board and stepping off before the car had come to a standstill.

My sisters Rose and Marian, eight and six years older than I, were no use as playmates. My brother Sidney, a few years older than I, figures only dimly in my recollections; he died of typhoid fever when I was about two years old. The family must have guarded me carefully from the sense of tragedy. I knew I should not see Sidney again, but not for years did I realize how my father and mother suffered through the loss of their only son.

My one and only friend in Roxbury was Morris Rand, who lived next door. To visit him I climbed over a, to me, high board fence and dropped into his back yard. In Morrie's house we always played doctor. We had access to a satchel packed with leather cases in which were endless bottles of identical size, each one fitting tightly in its own socket. Our fascination for the pills in these bottles was complete—some pink, some white, round or lozenge-shaped, some smooth and others rough-coated. They were homeopathic pills which belonged to Morrie's father, who, I was given to understand, was a doctor and had gone off on a long journey but was on his way home. I think he really must have died, but at any rate he never came back to discover the havoc we had made of his medicine case. Fortunately we never sampled any of the pills. My father was an allopathic physician, and even at that early age I felt quite a scorn for homeopathic pills.

Figure 2. Margaret Homer Nichols at age four.

In those days it was an unquestioned custom to visit one's grandparents on Sundays, partly I suppose because there was nothing else to do, and partly because one was sure of a cookie and a piece of sucky candy. So on Sunday afternoons I started out for Grandpa Nichols' house in East Cottage Street, about a mile away, in the charge of Rose and Marian. I must have been about four years old and rather plump for my years: Rose called me "cherub," generally contracted to "chubby." She took one hand and Marian the other and they rather towed me along. Out of deviltry occasionally I would slump on the ground. I soon found the most effective place to do this was on the car tracks on Blue Hill Avenue. If a car were approaching, so much the better. Rose and Marian would threaten and cajole me, but I would lie limp on the tracks until finally, and always with difficulty, they dragged me to safety on the sidewalk. I never had the slightest intention of letting the huge horses tread on me but Rose and Marian, not being very mature at the time, got very excited. I chuckle now as I think how successful my tactics proved.

Grandpa Nichols was a tall handsome man and very kindly with us children. When younger he had been fond of cabinet making and I still have a bureau and two armchairs he made. The workmanship and design are excellent. In his old age he made canes out of broomsticks and finished them with a mahogany stain and a good polish. When we called he produced a large box of candy from his desk drawer, passed it round and partook himself. He was about eighty-seven then and lived to be ninety-three.

The front stairs in the Warren house were long, straight and high, affording an ideal setup for sliding on the banisters. Rose and Marian always slid down the banister and so it was natural that I should descend in the same manner. At first I slid astride, but later, considering that rather sissy, I adopted the more risky method of balancing on my middle across the railing, the only grip being with my hands, which had but slight control. (I cannot understand how at the age of four I was allowed to slide in this reckless manner.) One day I started at the top as usual, but leaned over a bit too far at the start. Over I went, landing head first on the projecting button of the circular iron register on the front hall floor. Fortunately my father was at the front door saying good-bye to a patient. Seeing me, an unconscious mass on the floor, he allowed no one to touch me till I had come to. He always maintained that if I had been moved I probably never would have recovered consciousness. When I really came to, upstairs in bed, Morrie was offering me my choice of pills from the satchel.

My skull now became an object of interest, for it had a deep dent on the top in which two fingertips could be inserted to a depth of half an inch.

For years every friend and unbelieving acquaintance was obliged to prove for himself, by sticking in his fingers, that I had a hole in my skull. I regret to say that now all trace of this personal phenomenon has vanished.

The most painful memory of my early days in Roxbury was the daily session which Miss Gardiner, my governess, held with my hair. Every morning she sat in a low chair and I with my back against her knees sat on her toes while she brushed and combed my long light hair. She carefully divided it into six equal parts, moistened with a wet comb each prospective curl, and tightly wound it round her forefinger. My resentment against the time wasted and the pain endured may be the reason I have never yet been the recipient of a permanent wave. My ringlets may have been beautiful while they lasted but they subjected me to a great deal of teasing from Rose and others.

My hobby at that time was collecting seals. From a family friend I obtained seals representing not initials but Greek gods. I had sticks of colored sealing wax and could make impressions myself. By dipping a seal in bronze powder and then pressing it on the hot wax, I produced gorgeous seals for swappers.

Grandmother Homer lived near us at 59 Winthrop Street. We often went to see her by way of the cow pasture behind our house. Her big square wooden house with a high mansard roof was in the middle of a lot that extended from Winthrop Street to Moreland Street. Shrubs, fruit trees, grape arbors and a vegetable garden surrounded the house and there was a tennis court in the rear. My mother, Elizabeth Fisher Homer, was the daughter of Mary Eliza (Fisher) Homer and Thomas Johnston Homer. Recently we have been discovering that our ancestor, the original Thomas Johnston, for whom Grandfather Homer was named, was a skilled and distinguished craftsman. He was an engraver, etcher, japanner and organ builder. The original organ for the Old North Church on Salem Street in Boston, parts of which are still in place, was constructed by him. On the wall inside the church is a tablet inscribed with his name. Mr. Phillip Spalding, a collector of antique clocks, owned a famous pine grandfather clock known to have been japanned by Thomas Johnston, as his trade card is still in the clock.

Grandfather Homer, heading the firm of Homer and Fowle, was a merchant and dealt in cotton goods. Business prospered until the beginning of the Civil War. Then, partly owing to the war but more especially to the dishonesty of a member of the firm, the financial situation of Homer and Fowle went from bad to worse and the company finally failed. Grandfather Homer was obliged to spend most of his time in St. Louis trying to straighten out his affairs. While there he wrote many letters to my mother,

Lizzie, the oldest of his five children. Although a Northerner, he understood the Southern viewpoint and was not in favor of going to war to free the slaves. Grandfather deeply regretted that his business kept him away from his wife and children for long periods at a time. He worried over the curtailed household finances and in his letters to Lizzie gave her minute instructions as to how she should help her mother by dusting, and by looking out for her younger sisters and brothers, Gussie, Genie, Joe and Tom. He spent his few remaining years trying to pay back his debts. The whole bankruptcy proceeding weighed on him and sapped his strength. He died on Christmas day in 1880.

I loved everything to do with Grandma's house: the nursery with the wooden marble tracks, long and straight; the little Chinese bureau on the dining room mantelpiece, which had endless drawers and compartments filled with gay colored shells; the pears and grapes in the garden—to say nothing of my Aunts and Uncles, and most of all Grandma herself.

II

Mount Vernon Street

In 1885 my father bought a house on Beacon Hill, at 55 Mt. Vernon Street, and we all moved to Boston. The house stood on the southwest corner of a brick block and faced down the hill instead of towards the street. Sun poured in all day. The famous Bulfinch, architect of the State House and Faneuil Hall, is thought to have designed our house in the early part of the nineteenth century. Jonathan Mason, who had a large house nearby, built Number 55 for his married daughter. A strip of land to the west of the house had been restricted against building in order to preserve her view of the Charles River at the foot of the hill. That explains why the entire block of houses, from 55 to 85, is set back from the street, and why the western windows of our house had a glorious view of the sunsets across the Charles River.

We had a large horse chestnut tree in our front yard. It was exciting getting up early in the autumn mornings to gather the shiny fresh fallen chestnuts. Out of the fat ones we carved baskets. We made a trick also, by tying a chestnut to each end of a two-foot string and making an inch-long loop for a handle, slightly off center. One took hold of the handle and revolved one chestnut from right to left, then tossed in the other from left to right. Strangely enough the same up and down motion of the wrist kept both chestnuts revolving, but in opposite directions. During the chestnut season our pockets were full of them in all sizes and shapes; we carried as well a pocket knife with which to carve them. An added excitement was the big explosion they made when dried and thrown in the open fire.

It was a bit discouraging to a five-year-old to be picked up from the comparative country of Roxbury and deposited on a city street on Beacon Hill. I complained I had no friends to play with. One snowy day Rose said, "There is a nice little girl about your age playing with her sled. Run out and play with her." "I can't," I said, "I don't know her name." "Ask her what her name is," insisted Rose. So out I ran and in a moment I was back again. Rose was discouraged to see me return so quickly. "Did you find out her name?" she asked. "Yes. Her name is Mary." "What is the rest of her name?" "I don't know." "Then go right back again, and find out where she lives too." Finally the ice was broken and Mary Stone and I became inseparable friends.

Kindergartens, originating in Germany under Heinrich Froebel, were

just being introduced to Boston. Miss Garland and Miss Weston had recently opened one nearby at 60 Chestnut Street, and I was sent there. I loved every moment of kindergarten, especially the singing, and insisted on owning a copy of the book of songs, which I still treasure. We began the day by singing "Father we thank Thee for the night and for the precious morning light," and we closed with:

Our play is over, our work is done,
Our things are in their places.
Now to our homes we'll quickly run
With cheerful hearts and faces.
We leave you all with right good cheer
Without a thought of sorrow
But children all and teachers dear,
We hope to meet tomorrow.

Some of the songs we sang in their native German. Not till years later did I learn to distinguish one word from another and obtain an inkling of what it was all about. Perhaps it was this early initiation into German that caused German to be my favorite foreign language. We also learned to weave mats from gay colored strips of paper; we made simple experiments in physics. One which I never forgot was taught me by putting a feather on the register: up it flew in the air, proving beyond dispute that hot air rises. I have since then stood on a register many times when a current of cold air came up, which could just as convincingly have proved the opposite.

Mrs. Shaw's School

On outgrowing the kindergarten I was sent to Mrs. Shaw's School at 6 Marlborough Street. This was a unique, and for those days progressive school, backed by Mrs. Quincy Shaw from idealistic rather than profit motives. At that time private schools around Boston were held in dwelling houses with very little readjustment made in the building. The Shaw School bought two private houses at Numbers 6 and 8 Marlborough Street and made quite extensive alterations: a carpentry shop and a physics laboratory located in the basement and a gymnasium on the top floor were some of the innovations. The classes were grouped into a primary, an intermediate and an upper school, with four classes in each division. The boys and girls who attended could be carried from the kindergarten age straight through to college. Co-education was practically unheard of in Boston in a private school, but in the Shaw School it worked well although the boys were in a minority. Discipline was strict. We had to be in our seats by ten minutes of nine, we went out for recess from 11:00 till 11:30 and were not dismissed till

1:30. Other schools began at 9:30 and ended at 1:00.

Twice a week we all ascended to the gymnasium and began the day with singing, under the instruction of Mr. George Osgood. We sang such songs as "Down the Shadowed Lane She Goes," "Just a Song at Twilight" and "As Pants the Hart." Once a week the entire school met and was addressed by Miss Briggs, the School Principal. Then she would call on us for a poem or familiar quotation. When my turn came the first time I recited a very brief poem, the only one I knew:

A cheerful spirit gets on quick
A grumbler in the mud will stick.

It met with hearty applause.

Besides the three R's we were given many courses unheard of in other schools. Inventional geometry was taught by a Mr. Bailey. We were given a ruler, compass, paste and pink cardboard, and told to cut out a piece of cardboard and then fold and glue it together to form a solid. With a little ingenuity we made cubes, pyramids, rhomboids and many fascinating solids, but always out of just one piece of cardboard. One day a week we had clay modeling with Mrs. Holland. Any creations we wished to take home were baked for us and transformed from a soft mass of dark damp clay to firm white objects of beauty. I brought home such gems as a bunch of bananas and a lion's head (copies from plaster casts), and a puppy dog's head of my own design.

The most fun of all was ***sloyd***. Carl Larson had just come from Sweden to introduce his sloyd system for teaching carpentry to children, and the Shaw School was one of the first to engage him. In the new shop in the basement were ten or twelve sloyd benches, a wonderful array of tools, and on the wall, a set of models which the pupils were to make in as rapid succession as possible. To make each successive model a new tool was required and to learn the use of these tools was the main object of the system. The fact that almost none of the objects held the slightest interest for a child when finished did not seem to have entered Mr. Larson's head.

The first and easiest model was a window wedge, then a flower stick, and later a sleeve board. At the time it made no difference to me what I made as long as I could wield the tools. We had wooden planes regulated by a screw rather than by tapping a wedge as was the earlier method. We worked entirely from drawings. Each model had to be carefully made and well sand-papered before Mr. Larson would pass it. He marked each finished article both for accuracy and for workmanship—any slight mistake and we must begin again. This was all the greatest fun in the world for me and I promptly insisted on buying a set of tools for myself. They have been in steady use ever since.

Miss Briggs, the Principal, was English and rather inflexible and severe. One had to attend school the first day and the last day and there were no exceptions. I remember the case of Mrs. Wigglesworth, who lived next door but wished to remain in the country until a few weeks after the opening of school. She promised to have her daughter Anna tutored during her absence from school. Miss Briggs was adamant. "If your daughter is not present the first day of school she cannot attend at all." And she didn't.

In Miss Follett's class we were not allowed to open our desks during class without permission. Between classes we received orders: "Open desks, take out your topic books and Buckley's pencil and eraser. Close desk." This was partly to prevent any possibility of peeking at convenient papers inside the desk during recitations. To insure fairness and impartiality in recitation each child's name was written on a card. Then the cards were shuffled and given to one of the pupils to call. There was a slight advantage in being the pupil to call out names; if a difficult question was given and one's own card was on top it could be hastily shifted and another name substituted. This dodge was rarely resorted to, I think.

At recess we played in the Public Gardens, where in springtime five of us sometimes combined to hire a rowboat for half an hour. We had great fun going round the island and among the swans. We formed a secret society with no object that I can remember except a certain satisfaction from exclusiveness. Of all my class of about fifteen I should say that Abigail Adams (Mrs. Robert Homans), who always received the prize for the straightest carriage and who occasionally swore in the classroom, and Harry Shattuck, who stuttered, are the most outstanding in my mind at the present time.

Mary Ayer lived next door to me at 53 Mt. Vernon Street and we went to and from school together, except on one mysterious day when instead of coming home with me she was ordered to spend the night with her grandmother in Westchester Square. The next day as we walked home together she told me a baby sister had arrived during the night. We were disappointed the baby had happened to arrive the very night she was away and we puzzled all the way home as to where that baby had come from and whence came babies in general. We rather doubted the stork theory but had no better solution to work on.

Monument Hill

Monument Hill on the Common was the popular center for coasting, and was an exciting, steep hill. When snow conditions were good the hundreds of coasters made icy ruts and we went at a good clip all the way

to the Charles Street Mall. That the thrill of this coast has now gone is not due entirely to my advanced years, but to the extensive filling that was dumped around the base of the hill and as far as the Charles Street Mall at the time of the building of the Cambridge Subway.

Around the base of the hill, just where the greatest speed was attained, ran a boardwalk elevated four or five inches above the ground. A severe jounce was experienced as one struck the boardwalk and a worse one on landing on the far side. Sometimes the prong of a boy's sled would become imbedded in the edge of a board and the helpless boy would shoot ahead finishing the coast on his stomach. To ease the jounce caused by the boardwalk we filled in the approach with snow. Then all the sleds headed for the smooth approach and exciting collisions occurred. These fixed hazards could be avoided with care, but the unpredictable stupidity of the pedestrians who sauntered along the boardwalk, as if they had exclusive rights, was baffling. A fat old lady would stand stock still in the middle of one of the choice crossings of the boardwalk and gaze down the coast. How furious she was when her legs were whisked out from under by a swift moving sled and she found herself sitting on a boy's back, coasting down the hill.

Flexible Flyers had not been invented in those days and steering was controlled by the simple method of dragging a toe on one side or the other. A boy's sled was quite different from a girl's. It was long and low and had two sharp prongs in front. The round steel runners, attached only at the front and rear ends, gave for speed and a distinct springy quality. A girl's sled was higher off the ground than a boy's and the runners terminated in a graceful up-curve in front. The flat iron runners, nailed on the bottom of the wooden runners, cut into the snow and checked the speed. The only method of steering for the child sitting upright was to thrust a heel forward in the snow. This was dangerous and one could get a bad blow or even a broken leg, if when speeding along one's heel came suddenly in contact with a fixed object such as a frozen chunk of ice.

My sled was long and low and I soon found that the only way to keep control of a sled and to stay on through thick and thin was to coast belly-bumps like the boys. It was fun to watch the boys coast. They had developed a special technique at the start. Standing upright about ten feet back from the brow of the hill, and holding his sled close to his chest, a boy would run halfway down the hill and then hurl himself on the icy snow, still clutching his sled, and shoot down the coast. To increase the speed he would jerk his whole body up and down. Lest dragging a toe should slow him a bit, he steered by jerking his leg from side to side.

Saturdays when crowds of children were out it was dangerous for the

coasters straggling up the hill. An absent minded child engaged in watching the fate of an overloaded double-runner going over the jounce would be knocked down by a coaster and before he could pick himself up his sled would be run into and sent riderless to the foot of the hill. Coasting was destructive to clothing. On slushy days I came home with water dripping from my coat, two pairs of wringing wet mittens and a large hole in the toe of each overshoe.

Our front yard, elevated several feet above the sidewalk and the adjoining yard, had the best strategic location on the street for a fort. The only drawback was the close proximity of the windows of my father's office in the background. When the snow was deep and of the right sticky consistency, a gang started building a fort sturdy enough to last out the season, with extra high walls in front in which were cut peek-holes for a view of the enemy and also cubby-holes for reserve ammunition. Small children not tall enough to fire over the ramparts were employed in replenishing the supply of snowballs when an attack was on. When we were not enjoying a regular snow-ball fight we concentrated our activities on any passerby. We went through the formality of calling out "Free shot!" to a man and he would generally turn up his coat collar and reply "Fire away!" If he were a good sport he would exchange a few shots with us.

On thawing days when there was plenty of melting snow and the gutters were streaming with water, we pulled on our tall rubber boots and set to work to build a dam. Taking this operation very seriously we chose our site carefully and then built a temporary dam higher upstream. For the foundation of our main dam we used chunks of thick ice and filled in the cracks with a plaster of wet snow stamped firmly in place. We then broke the temporary dam and watched for leaks as the rushing waters reached the wall of the main dam. The water frequently rose so high it flooded the sidewalk and part of the street. If the dam were lucky enough to remain unbroken over night the water froze and gave us a most delectable slide.

In the height of winter, when the snow had come to stay, hacks, grocery carts and buggies were stored away and horses were hitched to boobies, pungs and cutters. The first tinkling of the sleighbells was the signal for the opening of the punging season, the most exciting of all sports, now forever extinct. Snow, which used to be so enthusiastically welcomed by all young people, from the falling of the first flake to the melting of the last chunk of ice in the gutter, is now resented. To satisfy the convenience of motorists, every winter thousands of dollars are spent to remove the snow that nature, assisted by the sun and time, had always disposed of herself.

Looking in the Oxford Dictionary I find there is no word ***pung***, but in

Webster's New International Dictionary I find "Pung (Earlier tom pung, a corruption of toboggan or its source) a kind of box sleigh; origin, a rude oblong box on runners. Local U.S.—v.i., To drive or go sleighing in a pung. Local U.S." This explanation may have been correct for Mr. Webster's day but in the gay nineties "to pung" meant to steal a ride on any kind of vehicle on runners.

The modern hitchhiker's technique of thumb jerking and waiting for a prospective host to come to a standstill never entered our minds. We knew that every passing sleigh was at our disposal, but in our discretion we preferred to pick the sleigh with a good horse, a nice looking driver and comfortable runners upon which to perch. Having made up our minds we would descend on the sleigh as it glided by and grab a hand hold and thrust one foot on the runner without so much as a "By your leave." It required practice and skill before we could get on, and more particularly off, a fast moving sleigh. When young we trusted ourselves only on slow-moving flatbottoms or a grocer's pung. The very small could always find a stationary pung and get comfortably settled while the grocery boy was chatting in the kitchen as he delivered his order. The pung had a long low uncovered body with an outer ledge on either side, perfectly adapted for a shallow seat. The low sideboard was just the right height for us to clutch with our elbowed arm. A pung could accommodate any number of children and the driver was generally friendly.

The booby corresponded to a cab on runners. It could be small and drab like those of Jordan's at the street corner cab stand or it could be elaborately upholstered inside and gaily decorated on the outside. A booby belonging to the real elite was equipped with a liveried coachman and footman on the box seat, a pair of spirited horses with a cluster of nickel sleigh bells above the hook for the checkrein and a long, cracking whip. The runners terminated in the rear with a large spiral loop. We pungers stood with one foot on top of the curve. The higher it held us above the snow the better we liked it. If a foot were on the runner itself, going through the deep snow, it became painfully squeezed in the entrance of the spiral. A booby not only afforded good dry footing but supplied convenient posts for us to cling to in cold weather while we leaned behind the body of the booby to keep out of the wind. In this way we luxuriously toured all over the Back Bay. Sometimes we encountered a coachman with an uncooperative disposition who angrily cracked his whip behind the booby, trying to lash us in the face. We never stopped to argue but jumped right off.

To hook a ride on a cutter was the most fun and the greatest test of our skill. A cutter traveled far and fast and the runners were small and

slippery. We generally asked for a ride and if the driver slowed down we jumped on the runner and found ourselves so close to the occupants that we entered into conversation with them and often ended up by sitting at their feet on the warm fur robe. These cutters went to a speedway beyond Massachusetts Avenue called the Brighton Road and there raced up and down. Although we were careful not to hook onto sleighs with frisky horses, I once made the mistake of boarding a cutter when it had slowed down at a crossing. As soon as the horse started up I foresaw trouble. The sleigh went faster and faster and the horse grew so excited that a continuous shower of snow and ice, thrown by the horse's hoofs, hit me in the face. Heavy snow painfully squeezed my feet against the struts of the sleigh and the driver seemed absolutely heedless of my predicament. Balancing on that slender runner was no place for me and I quickly made up my mind to jump, though I fully realized that at the speed we were traveling I should not make a safe landing. I stepped off and immediately was thrown flat on my face, knocking out my wind. I picked myself up, none the worse for wear and infinitely wiser in punging technique. Never again did I trust myself to a reckless driver.

Miss Folsom's School

When I was about thirteen the attendance at the Shaw School began to peter out and I was switched to Miss Folsom's School for girls at 19 Chestnut Street, quite near our house. There the equipment was meager, the classes small, only eight to ten pupils in each, and discipline lax. Instead of each teacher coming to us in our home classrooms we all had our desks in one room and went to the teacher's room for recitation. The time lost going back and forth to our desks for books, and chatting on the stairs waiting for latecomers, I found demoralizing. Only about three girls in my class were preparing for college and although I felt no urge in that direction I also took the college preparatory courses.

Miss Folsom provided two outstanding professors, Prof. George Lyman Kittredge of the English Department of Harvard University, who gave courses in Shakespeare, and Prof. Davis R. Dewey of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who held weekly classes in current events. Professor Dewey, although only in his thirties, looked much older and very distinguished with his apple red cheeks and his graying hair. He made the study of current events so interesting that the entire school attended his lectures with great enthusiasm. We were each assigned a country to follow in newspapers and magazines, and collected clippings from which we made reports. Geography and history took on new meaning and I became actively

interested in history in the making.

Papanti's

Friday afternoons in winter were not looked forward to; I had to attend dancing school. Getting dressed in my best clothes was the worst part. Then Mary Ayer and I, sometimes accompanied by her brother Nat, walked to Papanti's Hall on Tremont Street, opposite the Boston Museum. Up a dingy flight of stairs to the girls' dressing room. Then the long process of putting on our skin-tight kid gloves and buttoning them with glove buttoners. When we entered the hall a young gentleman would escort each of us to make a curtsy to Mr. Papanti, and would then find a seat for us among a long row of girls, all smiling nervously. A seething mass of boys stood in the far corner of the hall. As the music struck up they approached. To the popular young lady three or four would race decorously, hoping to be the first to ask for the dance. After the onslaught of an apparently unlimited supply of boys, two or three girls who had not been invited to dance would close ranks and carry on a gay conversation which was perhaps a little forced. Gradually Miss Balch, Mr. Papanti's assistant, would corral enough boys to provide each girl with a partner.

The program of dances followed a regular sequence: a two-step waltz, three-slide polka, Portland Fancy, Lancers, Quadrille and the German. Sometimes after the German the new "Dance in the Barn" was allowed.

At the time Papanti taught us, he was old and white haired. Very tall and very thin, with a long neck and sloping shoulders, he bore a striking resemblance to Andy Gump. He almost had to double over to dance with us youngsters. His long arms held us at a distance and he danced so smoothly that it was a real treat when Mr. Papanti bowed before one of us asking for a dance.

The floor of the hall was justly famous. There were no supporting beams underneath, leaving it free to billow up and down with the swing of the dancers. The parents, seated in a long row round the edge of the hall, could see and feel the swaying. The spring of the floor was a joy to the dancers. Even in walking across it one could feel the motion, and when the whole class danced at once it was as if we were sliding on the new-formed ice that almost cracked under the weight of each footstep. When we danced we really covered the ground. A "three-slide polka" took us across the hall in five or six slides. Occasionally couples would collide, throwing two or three persons onto the floor. Sometimes a young lady's dress not held sufficiently off the floor was stepped on and a loud ripping was heard. The lady retired to the dressing room where needle and thread were handy

for repairs. Mr. Papanti was severe at any breach of manners. One Friday afternoon Nat Ayer upset the formality of procedure by sprinkling grapeshot over the floor. Another time, in fun, he pulled a chair out from under me and I sat down heavily on the floor. He was sent home and not allowed to attend again that season.

From the Friday afternoon classes we graduated to the Friday Evenings and last, before coming out, to the Saturday Evenings.

Riding Classes

Marian was fond of riding horseback and on her account we joined the New Riding Club near the Fenway. Mr. Du Busigny was the head of the school and I joined one of his classes. We children rode only in the riding ring with its soft ground covering of chopped bits of leather. The class rode in single file and then in twos and fours, trotting, walking or cantering as ordered. (Mostly walking, it seemed to me.) The smallest in the class were the two Prince boys, hardly big enough to straddle a horse. They were dressed alike in light tan riding suits and Scotch caps. The ladies' side saddles were most uncomfortable though one could get a splendid grip on the pommel that prevented one from being thrown. The top of my left knee and the inside of the right knee were always sore where they chafed against the pommel.

One winter we bought our own saddle horse and named him Windsor after the town of Windsor, Vermont. Windsor was a steel gray horse with a comfortable single-foot and an easy trot and canter. In the summer we used him for both riding and driving. His mouth was tender and he preferred a smart pace. His one peculiarity was that he was thoroughly frightened at anything large in the carriage behind him. If any one put up a parasol he would rear and then bolt at a really dangerous speed. These were the days of large picture hats and our guests were always warned to remove these flapping objects before climbing into the carriage. Riding habits were expensive, costing around a hundred dollars. Moreover they were hot and uncomfortable, made of a heavy English Melton of such dark blue as to be almost black. First I put on the long trousers with straps under the soles to hold them down. Next I buttoned the tight fitting jacket up the front and fastened on a stiff white collar and black tie. The skirt was a long clumsy affair with a big insert in the front to enable the right knee to encircle the pommel without disarranging the even hanging of the skirt at the stirrup line. The skirt was held together with patent hooks guaranteed to rip apart if one should be thrown from the horse and the skirts caught on the pommel. Riding boots were necessary, as well as a black derby hat that would never stay perched on top of my head in spite of elastic and hat pins.

III

The Curtises' Back Yard

Fortunately for me, in those days when school let out at half past one we were through for the day, or at least till evening when there was always homework. Our opposite neighbors, Col. and Mrs. Greely S. Curtis and their ten children, occupied two houses thrown into one. The combined back yards provided a large playground for all the children of the neighborhood, surrounded as they were on three sides by other yards containing large elm trees, lilac bushes and apple trees. It was as if we were in the country and could make all the noise we liked without disturbing anyone. There was scarcely an outdoor game we did not know how to play, and there was a correct sequence of games which we followed.

In the early spring when the ground was still muddy we began the season with mumblety-peg, marbles, duck on the rock, egg in the hat and tip-cat. Then as the ground grew firmer, scrub and baseball, trees, with occasional prisoner's base and hill-dill-come-over-the-hill, or even cricket. If one happened to be the first to arrive in the Curtis back yard (and I frequently was the first) one could always practice on the rings. Suspended by two long ropes from a high branch of a huge spreading elm growing in a nearby yard were two galvanized iron eight-inch rings about five feet from the ground and three feet apart. Endless stunts were possible on these rings, such as front and back somersaults, hanging by the knees, and in a gingerly manner hanging by the heels. On the arrival of a second playmate we would try the whirligig, a back yard special. Two of us facing one another would take hold of the same ring, one standing still would lean back and throw the other around through half a circle, then the first child would be whirled around by one who had just alighted, and so on. The ring itself was by no means stationary but revolved in larger and larger circles till finally only the tips of the toes could reach the ground and then only for a fleeting second. Our bodies were flying through space in a horizontal position nearly all the time. A heavy child whirling a lighter one could keep him in midair almost indefinitely, for if the smaller one's hands grew tired and he let go his grip he would get a nasty tumble.

There were exciting stunts using both rings. One could put a leg through each ring and create a swing without any swing board, none too comfortable without a seat but endurable for a short while. The big boys would push us by the feet and finally give us a run under. With a long

Figure 4. The Curtises' Back Yard in 1895. John Homans, Russell Nourse, James F. Curtis, Arthur Adams, Joshua B. Holden, Jim Ayer, Jack Lothrop, Malcom Stone, Evelyn Parmenter, Margaret Curtis and Margaret Nichols.

slow circular push we would sail over the back yard fences. But the real fun was when there was a child on each ring and we were both pushed in a circle revolving in the same direction. As the ropes wound about, their length shortened and speed increased and our bodies were thrown horizontal. It sounds dangerous, but so sure were we of our grip I do not remember that any one was ever hurt while swinging in this manner. A newcomer would develop the most enormous blisters but we old timers had thick pads of callus across the palms of the hand, blister-proof and a legitimate source of pride. Comparing calluses was not an infrequent occupation, and how we scorned the thin-skinned hand. Even today I feel somewhat apologetic for my lack of toughness on the palms of my hand.

In the autumn we played football, not rugby and not American but association, now contracted to soccer, a most strenuous and exciting game. The choosing of sides was to me a tense moment. At first the girls were always chosen last and even then rather reluctantly, as being more of a handicap than otherwise, but gradually as my budding skill was recognized I was chosen ahead of one boy, then another. Finally my unfortunate sex was no longer a drawback in the choosing. I was considered equal to any boy of my own size in the yard and generally about the best of the girls.

In the spring we began the afternoons with three-old-cats, then as more came into the yard we would change to scrub. When enough boys and girls had accumulated we chose sides for a real game of baseball. We used a dead tennis ball, as a hard baseball would have been too disastrous to the windows. (Anyone who broke a window had to pay for its repair.) Boys were allowed to use only one hand on the bat and over the fence was out. Well directed grounders were the most effective.

Baseball at that time was notoriously a game in which it was etiquette to claim vociferously every doubtful point—in fact to claim anything right or wrong if perhaps the umpire might be caught napping. Many an umpire was mobbed for his decisions. We were thoroughly imbued with the grasping spirit of the game and spent a great deal of precious time loudly disputing decisions. Jimmy or Frazier Curtis, with their natural leadership, would soon settle the dispute, always fairly, and the game would proceed. They were both natural athletes, good at all games, and never lost their tempers. Right here on my own behalf I want to thank them for the endless times, with a bit of humor and a conciliatory word, they would smooth out a fight that was about to disrupt a game. Anything Jimmy Curtis said went, as far as I was concerned. He gave me pointers too and I learned how to throw a ball like a boy and how to put on a good windup and a curve. I asked nothing more than to be permitted to be a pitcher for an inning.

In the spring we also practiced track athletics: broad jumping, high jumping, pole-vaulting and putting the shot. A specialty of our own invention was swinging on the rings and dropping over the high pole-vaulting bar. My skirts were outrageously in the way and generally knocked down the bar. To obviate this difficulty a boy always stationed himself beside the bar and if in his judgment I had cleared the bar though my skirts had knocked it off, he would call out "skirts" and I was counted as over. On looking backward I fail to see how we ever cleared the bar since each of the girls roughly classified as tomboys sported a red flannel petticoat, a white cotton petticoat and a full woolen skirt. Why we never thought of eliminating skirts and had to wait for Mrs. Bloomer to invent that invaluable article named after her, I cannot now imagine.

In the winter the hospitality of the Curtis family outdid itself. When the cold weather arrived we stopped up the drain in the yard, banked the snow around the edges, and by means of a hose flooded the yard. After a few generous sprayings followed by freezing nights we produced a good skating surface. Then we all played hockey, sometimes on skates and sometimes without skates. Probably hockey on skates was the most dangerous of all our sports. We had terrific head-on collisions and I remember once skating over Jimmy's finger when he had fallen down at my feet. He got up, walked into the house and then fainted. In hockey girls were a distinct asset as goal guards. We were instructed how to stand to spread out our skirts to the full and told to stand guard through thick and thin. When our feet grew too numb we were allowed to play forward a bit. Hockey without skates was a humorous game with even the best players finding themselves in the most ridiculous and helpless positions. By the end of the afternoon the surface of the ice was covered with a layer of ice shavings. We took turns in volunteering to stay after dark and sweep the ice and flood it again to produce new smooth ice for the next day.

Although ten or twenty of us gathered daily in the Curtises Back Yard, or C.B.Y., as it was familiarly called, and played together till dark, we never had any real fights or serious accidents. Yet we had no older person supervising. We had our scraps, but we learned to keep our tempers and to abide by a majority decision. Very few went home in a sulk, and even they always turned up the next day as eager to play as ever.

Once I fell off the slanting roof of the low structure that held the swill barrels, landing on my head on the brick path. I was picked up unconscious and carried home by my pals and deposited on the parlor sofa. There I recovered consciousness and there were no after effects. Ruth Loring once broke her arm dropping from the rings. It was promptly put in a splint and in the daytime hung supported by a sling. At night, however,

Ruth used to get out of bed in her sleep and dance. One time her mother found Ruth downstairs, her broken arm raised above her head, dancing. Fearing to wake her with the broken arm in this strange position, Ruth's mother, taking the part of a man, successfully waltzed her back to bed. The broken arm never suffered from the strange antics of the night.

The entrance from the street to the C.B.Y. was through a dark narrow passageway that went under the house on the street level. It was paved with rough cobblestones and there was one cavity in the center where the cobblestones were missing. In winter when the coasting was good we would drag the double-runner through the passage, the steel runners making a most disagreeable grating sound as they scraped over the cobbles. At the top of Walnut Street we all piled on, trusting our lives completely to the steersman. Feeling the responsibility, he would take several minutes placing his feet firmly on the braces of the front sled and adjusting the steering rope with a couple of turns around his hand. The rest of us, jammed tight on the seat, were ordered to hold the feet of the passenger behind us off the ground; when turning corners we were warned to lean hard in the direction in which we were turning, thereby offsetting the tendency to upset. In the event of an emergency the steersman called "brakes" and we all dragged our feet. The last man was the pusher and had to be skillful if he hoped to take part in the coast. Clutching the shoulders of the rear passenger, he gave a running push for twenty or thirty feet. When we were well under way he gave a flying leap and tried to land astride the seat facing forward. He was apt to miss the double-runner entirely and land on the ice in the middle of the road. However, his work was done and he was seldom missed. Making the right angle turn from Walnut to Chestnut was a distinct hazard and the high-spot of the coast. If the double-runner was going too fast it would skid up against the curbstone and we would all be thrown in a heap on the sidewalk. With proper leaning and braking we might make the turn only to find ourselves face to face with a sleigh coming up Chestnut Street. The steersman at this crisis had to make a quick decision as to where to dump the passengers. If all the foregoing dangers were survived we coasted merrily down Chestnut Street, which was not very steep, turned left at Willow and right at Branch Alley and with a good surface came to a stop at Charles Street.

The policeman of our neighborhood, Jacky Herald, was a good friend and allowed us many liberties. Sometimes he was firm in saying that we must not coast on the streets, but he never turned us off Branch Alley. When the coasting was at its best, Branch Alley was sometimes so crowded that the pungs had a hard time making their way up and down to deliver the groceries. One day a strange policeman actually insisted

there was to be no more coasting on Branch Alley. This we felt was an outrage not to be endured. A group of boys from the Curtis Back Yard went to City Hall and remonstrated. The next day we were back on the alley and were never turned off again.

Although we had the use of the Curtis Back Yard for skating, as we grew older we often preferred the Public Garden or the Frog Pond. On Saturdays and Sundays when the crowds there made fancy skating impossible we sometimes took the train to Hammond's Pond in Chestnut Hill or even went as far as Dedham for long distance skating on the river.

With the spring thaws the ice on the Public Garden and Frog Ponds cracked, and assisted by the work of clumps of boys, separated into cakes of all sizes. This was the signal for the opening of the season for "running tiddledies." To do this the youngster would first look over the ice cakes to plot a course. Then with a running start he would spring rapidly from one cake to another, each cake sinking beneath his weight but not till he was shifting to another cake. Sometimes a foot would slip or a cake break in halves and down he would sink waist deep into the icy water. The crowds roared with excitement as he would try to scramble onto a cake that would hold him long enough to start the run for shore. When we played follow the leader across the tiddledies the nearer one was to the leader the better, for the cakes gradually floated apart or crumbled. No one could run tiddledies without at least getting his feet soaking wet.

In the spring and autumn bicycling was much in vogue. There was an old-fashioned high bicycle in the Curtis Back Yard which some of the boys rode occasionally as a stunt. With the coming of safety bicycles (having both wheels the same size) we all invested. I went to the Columbia Rink and had a few lessons in riding my Columbia bicycle which had solid rubber tires. Later my father bought me an English Humber costing a hundred dollars. It was heavier than American makes but the fact that it came from across the waters gave me a feeling of superiority. For bicycling it was necessary for a girl to have made to order a heavy wool skirt, not too full, and long buttoning gaiters to hide the legs somewhat from the knee to the ankle.

Fred Lyman, without doubt the most colorful character on the hill, lived in a wooden house, almost next door to the Curtises, on the corner of Walnut and Mt. Vernon streets. He was generally seen leaning out of his top floor window, and if by chance he was not, one whistled the "Yard" whistle and his head would appear. (The C.B.Y. whistle was an imitation of the call of the yellow leg.) Some days we came home and found giant comic figures hanging from the telephone wire which crossed the street high in the air.

At a convenient height from the sidewalk beneath Fred's window dangled two innocent looking cylindrical handles. Fred, seeing a small boy going by, would shout, "Do you want to take hold of the handles?" Filled with curiosity the boy would grasp the handles and the next second he would jump up and down calling at the top of his lungs "Let go! Let go!" and Fred would turn off the electric current which he generated in a battery in his room. The curious thing about these mysterious handles was that even if eight or ten of us joined hands in a semi-circle, we all felt the tingle, sometimes as a gentle prickling and sometimes so violently that we could not let go. We placed ourselves entirely at Fred's mercy. He had many ways of showering the passersby with water and kept a supply of snowballs in his room when that ammunition was available.

Besides his flare for practical joking Fred had a serious interest. He and Steenie Curtis undertook to attend every fire. Fred had a special wire connected with the fire department and every time a fire alarm was sounded it rang in his room, whereupon he instantly called up the stable to order his horse and gig. As the harness was suspended above the horse in the manner of the fire engine harness, it was only a few minutes before the gig was ready. If any of our gang were lucky enough to be within call we were asked to jump on the back of the gig. Off we dashed, ringing a fire engine gong on the dashboard. There were no traffic regulations and no stop lights, and we never let up our pace till we found the fire. The light yellow gig wound its way in and out of the crowded streets and made such good time that Fred often arrived at the fire before the firemen. He immediately set to work rescuing persons and property or aiming the hose.

Steen Curtis' enthusiasm for fires was so permanent that he later became a hydraulic engineer in the fire department. He wore a blue suit with nickel buttons and was amused to find that when in uniform his friends never bowed to him, not because they meant to snub him but because they just didn't see him. He took me once to the Firemen's Ball in Mechanics Hall, using one of those tickets admitting one gent and two ladies. The ladies were there all right, rows of them sitting around the edge of the hall, watching the dancers. Finally the band struck up the Grand March and we joined the ranks. It was fun trying to keep the lines even, marching sixteen and then thirty-two abreast.

Spasmodically in the neighborhood we decided to play hare and hounds. The two hares had a five-minute start and left a series of chalk marks on walls and fences to indicate their trail. The hares by no means stuck to the streets but would dive in a back alley, over a back yard fence, or burst into a kitchen and then out the front door on another street. Sometimes if

the cook was very furious (which was all to the good), she would refuse to let the hounds pass through the kitchen; they then lost the trail and precious time. We knew many shortcuts from Mt. Vernon to Chestnut and the back yard trail from Joy to Walnut ended by descending the gutter pipe from the Lyman's elevated backyard to Walnut Street. As I look at the drop now I cannot see how we negotiated the fifteen-foot descent clinging to a tin pipe flat against a stone wall. Jack Herald, the policeman, would scold us the next day for chalking the houses and tell us to confine our marking to the sidewalks. He wasted his breath, for the hares had no intention of slowing down their speed to stoop to the sidewalk.

IV

Help ! Help !

As a rule my mother and father were always at home at night. The one time they indulged in a weekend away from home, they found upon their return a house considerably the worse for wear, especially our sturdy six-paneled front door. They had left the doors in excellent condition, for during the previous summer, while we were all at Rye Beach, a burglar had found his way into the house and out again without detection. Presuming he had entered by some door, my father had caused three bolts to be put on most of the doors on the first floor, to prevent further intrusions. Thereafter the doors were always locked and bolted at night.

On our first night alone Rose and I decided we would sleep in our parents' large double bed in the back room on the third floor. Rose was then about sixteen, Marian fourteen and I was only eight. It was stormy and windy and as I lay awake listening to the strange noises in the middle of the night I felt sure I heard a regular creak as of some one ascending the stairs. Then the steps seemed to enter Rose's room. Rose was also awake and she asked me in a whisper if I had not heard steps. I replied that I had and for a final test Rose moved noisily. The creaking ceased for a while and then we both heard it again. We no longer had any doubts of the presence of a burglar and Rose was not one to let her jewels be removed without taking action. She jumped out of bed, called "PAPA" in a loud voice to frighten the thief and slammed our door to. Then we opened our window and shouted "Help! Help! Police," literally as loud as we could. Immediately a man below, right by our front yard, answered us. We told him there were burglars in the house and asked him to get the police. He said he would and started running down Walnut Street calling "Police!" We calmed down and waited for the police to come to our rescue. Mrs. Kelly, our next door neighbor, put her head out of her window and inquired as to what was the trouble. When she heard of our plight she urged us to spend the rest of the night with her. Soon we became aware that carrying on a midnight conversation on a cold winter night leaning out the window, clad in the most scanty clothing, has a very chilling effect.

Time dragged on and no police. We held a little conference. What sort of man was this who lurked under our window at two in the morning? Could we trust him to get the police? Perhaps he was even an accomplice deliberately misleading us. This idea took possession of us and again we

raised our voices calling "POLICE"! "HELP!" (Mrs. Kelly joining in.) After a long while our man reappeared, policeless. "Why are you still shouting," he asked. "Didn't I tell you I would get the police?" We frankly explained "How do we know you are not an accomplice? What were you doing outside our window at this hour of night?" That he was mailing a letter was a flimsy explanation, we thought.

Six burly policemen eventually arrived on the scene and entered the front yard. Still leaning out the window we repeated there was a burglar in the house. "We'll come right up," their captain said. "How shall we get in? Can you drop us a key?" Rose remembered all the bolts. "The doors are bolted. I don't know how you can get in."

"We'll have to smash the front door," he replied. "Don't do that," I said, "I'll go down and open the front door for you." I don't mind saying it was the bravest offer I have ever made. The chief called back, "No one is to go downstairs. That would not be safe. We'll smash the door in." We heard several ineffectual attempts to push open the front door but the three bolts, top, bottom and middle held secure. "Well boys, we must all push together," the captain said. "One, Two, Three, Heave!" Followed a terrific cracking and snapping of stalwart wood again and again; finally the door crashed and gave way. We waited to be rescued, but instead were horrified to hear more crashing of woodwork and again more. Not content with gaining admission to the front hall the police had found the back vestibule, smashed that door; then the kitchen door, and finally two doors from the kitchen to the front hall. They smashed each in turn. With but a little ingenuity they could have unbolted the doors from the front hall but they preferred to take possession the hard way. About this time Rose and I were much more worried about the demolition of the house than any slight damage wrought by a perhaps imaginary burglar. When the squad of police finally made their way to us on the third floor our sincerest hopes were that they would find either a burglar or at least traces of one. Needless to say nothing was ever found to justify in any way our alarm, although the house was searched from attic to cellar.

The captain looked us over and asked us where we planned to spend the rest of the night as our house would have to remain doorless for the time being. He even offered to place an officer with us. This offer we firmly declined and were thankful when we at last got rid of the police.

The next day we felt very dejected as we examined the five broken doors and thought of what Papa would say when he saw the wreckage. I do not remember a word of rebuke from either Papa or Mama, but I do remember how for days the neighbors asked me, "What was all that shouting about in the middle of the night?"

V

Sundays and Rainy Days

Sunday in the city was definitely a day set apart. After practicing on the piano I scrambled into my Sunday clothes and with one member of the family dashed off to King's Chapel. Others of the family would put in an appearance one by one later. Our pew was in the front row of the balcony near the choir. Mr. B. J. Lang was the organist and Mr. William Winch was the tenor of the quartet. The Rev. Henry Wilder Foote was the minister and I can well remember his conducting the Sunday School one Easter afternoon. I was a member of the youngest class and we were sitting for this occasion in the front pew practically under the pulpit. At a crucial moment I fell off the seat with a thud on the floor. Mr. Foote stopped the service, looked down at me over the reading desk and gently asked if I were hurt, much to my embarrassment.

After his death in 1887 the congregation had difficulty in finding a worthy successor. For six years they tried the plan of having a succession of different preachers and this was much to my liking. I started a book under the title "Ministers I Have Heard" and commented on their preaching ability with as much seriousness as if upon me rested the responsibility of selection. Finally the Rev. Howard N. Brown was invited to become the permanent minister. At the time he had a church in Brookline and did not want to come to King's Chapel unless he was allowed to make certain changes in the service.

King's Chapel was established in Boston in the year 1686 by the Rev. Robert Ratcliffe, private chaplain of King James II. This was the first organization of the Anglican Church in New England. A hundred years later under the liberal influence of James Freeman the Book of Common Prayer was revised, expressing a Unitarian theology. Prior to Mr. Brown's installation the service still adhered to that of the Episcopal Church and in the long responsive prayer the congregation continued to derive comfort in repeatedly calling themselves "miserable sinners" and in beseeching to be saved from "eternal damnation."

Mr. Brown took a brighter outlook on our possibilities and preferred to omit these phrases. Slight changes were then agreed upon, but the wardens of the church did not know their congregation. There were those who preferred to call themselves miserable sinners, and who was Mr. Brown to stop them? For months these wilful few confused the service by

responding to Mr. Brown's "Good Lord have mercy upon us", by saying "Good Lord have mercy on us MISERABLE SINNERS." I felt mortified and sorry for Mr. Brown.

In the pew next beside ours sat Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, a small old man with a much wrinkled face and a bright smile. On the floor below sat Gov. Roger Wolcott and dignified Mrs. Wolcott with their four outstanding, handsome sons and their dark-eyed young daughter. Sunday School met in the afternoon. Rosamund Lang and Nina Hopkins are the only members of our small class whose names I now remember. Timid, gentle Julia Lyman, daughter of Arthur Lyman, Chief Warden of the church, was our teacher.

The Sunday School drew only a few members from the congregation. Most of its members came from the Female Orphan Asylum, located in a large, square brick building on Tremont, halfway to Roxbury. Every Sunday they could be seen walking to church, marching two by two and all dressed just alike. They were divided into classes and so were we, but the sheep and the goats were never mixed, and were seated in different square high-walled pews throughout the church. For the singing of hymns we all gathered together. Then I had an opportunity to observe the complete drabness of the orphans' dresses. What an opportunity we missed in not making friends with these girls.

After Sunday School Rosamond Lang and I joined forces and one Sunday she would stay for supper with me and the next I had supper with her. Of course I much preferred the Sundays I spent with the Langs. On the top floor of her house at 6 Brimmer Street was a billiard room which was ours for the afternoon. Rosamond's younger brother Malcolm generally joined us in playing bottle pool, a game which required a good eye and a steady arm. The room was full of fascination—the inlaid cue, the chunk of chalk, the string of scoring counters hanging from the ceiling and the sound of the ivory balls clicking and then silently caroming from the cushions.

It was well we were pool enthusiasts because the Langs were at home Sunday afternoons to a host of musical friends. We occasionally grew hungry and tiptoed downstairs to see if supper were ready, only to find a soloist about to sing or a four-handed duet being played on the two grand pianos in the parlor. When at last all the guests had departed we sat down to a delicious supper in the cozy dining room on the ground floor back. Mr. Lang at one end of the table dished the baked beans out of the bean pot and Mrs. Lang poured out the hot chocolate. Rosamond's older sister Maidie kept up a continuous run of jokes and Malcolm was quick at repartee. Rosamond and I made excellent butts for their witticisms.

The Langs' house, though not large, contained an amazing number of pianos, for every member of the family was musical. Maidie had her piano in her bedroom, there was a much muted piano in the downstairs reception room for general practicing purposes, two grand pianos in the parlor, and an antique piano in the hall which concealed drums and cymbals inside.

Rainy days were also busy. At the Stones, who had moved to 18 Chestnut Street, and transformed a large back shed into a gymnasium, we could vault over the bar and swing on the four rings that hung apart in a row. Somtimes Mary, who actually enjoyed sewing, would sew while I read out loud long books, such as ***Lorna Doone.***

On rainy days at the Curtises we played all kinds of card games, especially the Flower Game, for they were the only family to own it. Incidentally that provided one of my numerous nicknames. At first the Curtises, who were famous for their nicknames, called me Pickles or Picky Nick. One day while playing the Flower Game we came across a flower named pixidanthra, of the polymonium family. That title was imposed on me but generally condensed to Pixi. "Preferences" we found an excellent game for three, and the straight forerunner of auction bridge. The privilege of playing the hand at no trumps or any chosen suit was auctioned to the highest bidder. Doubt It or Nig was a good game for a mixed group and Hearts we liked also. One day we played Hearts on our diningroom table for a cent a heart. No one had any money excepting myself so I provided the pennies for the five of us. I was just winning it all back when our wickedness was discovered by an elder sister and promptly stopped.

VI

Rye Beach

Toward the last of June we all moved to Rye Beach, New Hampshire. The big Saratoga trunks were packed with everything we might need for the entire summer. On dismounting from the train at North Hampton we scurried for a top seat on Taylor's stagecoach that stood waiting at the platform. The seat just above the driver was the most popular. The largest trunks were strapped on the trunk rack at the back of the stagecoach while Gladstones and holdalls were thrown on top. Women and handboxes were crowded inside and men and children clustered around the driver. It took at least a quarter of an hour to load the stagecoach and then at last the brakes were loosened and we started up a steep slope to the highway. Even with four horses pulling at the traces, it was a struggle getting under way. Our first stop was at Batchelder's, the popular boarding house at Little Boar's Head. There we got our first view of the ocean and eagerly scanned the horizon to find the Isles of Shoals, ten miles out to sea. As we drew near the Farragut House we sniffed the salty air and caught the pungent smell of seaweed thrown up on the beach during the last storm. After the heat of the city, there is nothing so exhilarating as the first long draught of cool salty air.

My father had a large practice not only at Rye Beach but also at Straw's Point and Little Boar's Head. In fact he was the only practicing physician within a radius of ten miles. Before the development of the specialist, the family doctor treated every variety of illness and accident. My father was called upon for eye trouble or earache. He could extract teeth, cause hair to grow on bald spots and cure eczema, all without a trained nurse or assistant of any sort except my mother. There was no telephone and when excited persons drove in haste to our door only to find my father out on his rounds, my mother gave commonsense advice to tide over the emergency. Occasionally we three girls were called upon to help, by putting up Seidlitz powders. At an early age I remember using the delicate balance scales with round glass trays and small squares of sheet brass for weights. I measured a grain or two of this and that white powder and then dumped the mixture on a small white paper which was then folded in a special way so that none of the powder could escape.

In the summer of 1871, nine years before I was born, my father did me a great favor. He was called to take care of a very sick infant

at Martins' Boarding House. The case was so critical that Papa spent the night with the baby, boiling flour-balls and attending to details himself. The parents have often told me how grateful they were to my father for taking responsibility that night and saving the baby's life. And I am grateful too, for that boy is now my husband.

Until I was four years old we stayed in the house of Mary Abby Jenness close to the Sea View House. One fall the water in her well became polluted and many of us were poisoned. Poisoning from well water was a new theory and not yet proved, but my father decided it was not safe to return to Mary Abby's, and the following summer we rented a small farm house belonging to Sheridan Jenness. His capacious boarding house was on one side of us and Disco Jenness' on the other.

There was no thought of plumbing in the house but our outhouse was large and well lighted and the seat was generously supplied with three holes, two large and one small, and a nearby bucket of sand. I was not conscious of any inconvenience in having no facilities in the house but my more fastidious sisters regretted the lack of the usual latticed walk. Rain water collected from the roof was stored in a cistern in the cellar and could be pumped to the kitchen.

The well for the drinking water for the three houses was across the road, a couple of hundred feet away. The big wooden tub that stood under the spout of the hand pump was kept full of water and three times a day the horses were led there for a drink. Many a ride I had on the back of Patchum, the farm horse, as he was being watered. He swashed his nose around in the tub and then drank an unbelievable amount till I could feel him swell. I helped bring home the cows from the pasture in the late afternoon, and was taught how to milk an especially gentle cow. Warm milk fresh from the cow was considered a delicacy and when the ladies from Sheridan's came around at milking time with an empty glass for me to fill I felt very important.

Some of the families at the big house came year after year and were good friends of mine. Mr. and Mrs. Philip Barton Key, with strong Southern accents, were particularly good to me. They took me for drives and to Sylvia's. Sylvia was the head of a family of Indians who yearly set up their tent under the big willow trees in front of the Farragut House. Just to step inside the tent was like going into an enchanted world with its delicious smell of the sweet grass and the black-eyed, black-haired Indian children of all ages weaving baskets. The men making white bows and basket handles and the switches of gay colored willow strips waiting to be woven, were all as fascinating to me as the piles of finished baskets all over the floor and on the tables. When Mrs. Key asked me to choose

whatever I wanted, it took me a long time to make up my mind. By the end of the summer I had acquired a birch bark canoe, a tiny basket made of horse-hair and a bow and arrow. Miss Lizzie and Miss Daisy Nichols, commonly referred to as Lizzie and Dizzy, and their father were also great friends of mine. Mr. Nichols was a Civil War veteran and conspicuous for an unhealed oozing wound in his cheek. A bullet had lodged in the cheekbone and never been removed. He had a sharp penknife with which he was constantly whittling intricate small objects that required skill and patience. His standby was a chain whose links were all carved from one piece of wood, and occasionally he fashioned a pair of wooden pincers that really opened and shut. Not by any stretch of the imagination could any of his creations be said to have any useful artistic value, but he sat on the piazza steps by the hour, whittling with his fine-bladed sharp pocket knife.

There were plenty of children to play with and we never lacked for something to do, yet seldom did more than two or three of us play together. A family named Rush from Philadelphia with their four children, Murray, Arthur, Louis and Alice, spent many summers at Sheridan Jenness'. I played with the boys as they were about my age, and in a mild way had a crush on one after the other. They were each great fun as pals. Louis and I played Indians day after day. And we built a wigwam in the woods quite a distance off on the edge of a fresh water swamp. For defense against attacks which never materialized, we carried clubs swinging at our belts. I was extremely proud of mine and even today it hangs beside my bed. It was made from a cedar sapling on the trunk of which had grown a large burl. On the handle I made two good grips, one for each hand, and beyond the burl I left a short piece of the main stem and sharpened it to form a spike. My victim was to be bludgeoned, then spiked.

In the brook that ran under the bridge by the sawmill, we sailed our boats with cargoes and started them across the stream, depending on the current and a paper sail for motive power. Many is the time we tumbled into the brook on reaching out to pull in our precious craft before they sailed off to the pond. Masses of sawdust from the mill had been floated by the brook to the marsh and there, becoming waterlogged, had sunk to the bottom. We soon learned never to set foot on the sawdust, though it was only a few inches beneath the water's surface. It was bottomless and like quicksand; moreover big bubbles of foul-smelling gas would slowly rise to the surface if stuck by a pole.

Large patches of water lilies grew in the sawdust regions of the marsh and daily we would pole our raft to gather water lilies to give away

to our friends who rocked and knitted on Sheridan's large piazza. Sometimes on the way we stopped to shoot a few bullfrogs with the slings we always carried around our necks. A pair of fried bullfrogs' legs for supper was considered such a great delicacy by the men at Sheridan's, that they paid us five cents a pair, cleaned.

The morning bath in the ocean was the great event of the day, and for us children had all the glamour of an exciting expedition. At eleven o'clock I would pack my flannel bathing suit with its long bloomers and voluminous skirt, a pair of heavy ribbed black stockings, a bathing cap and a bandanna all together in a large Turkish towel carefully tied up at the corners. As I was definitely scared of cows and the path to the beach led through a cow pasture, I always planned to go with a grown-up and give the cows a wide berth. For changing our clothes we rented a cubicle for the summer in one of Russell Sawyer's bath houses. These were located on top of the fifteen-foot wall of rounded stones which had been cast up by storms all along the inner edge of the beach. The sun's rays never reached the inside of the bathhouse and the floor of our cubicle was a clammy mixture of slime and sand. Russell posted the temperature of the water each day. It varied from 50° to 70°, though seldom was it as warm as 70°.

There was the usual amount of sitting around in bathing suits before and after a swim and a great deal of yelling by the ladies on entering the water. This was the period when five or six timid ladies would join hands in a circle in water about up to their knees, and after much shouting and many false starts would finally all dip together and get their shoulders wet. Comparatively few could swim. For the men there was a diving raft, but although Marian and Rose taught me to swim, no one my age thought of diving.

After the bath we all patronized the "Candy Man." He sold the most delicious all-day suckers of molasses and peppermint. I could just about fit one into my mouth and I did daily. The price schedule was strange, not to say inconsistent. Three for two cents and two for one cent. We said nothing but always bought one cent's worth at a time. It was all we could consume and the price was not extortionate.

If we had plenty of time we paddled in our canoe across the marsh to the beach. Part of the fun was that there were many bull rushes and cat-o-nine tails obscuring the channel. On one occasion when a young Dr. Garceau was spending the day with my father, Papa asked me to take him for a canoe ride. This I was proud and delighted to do, and being all of eight or nine, felt quite equal to the responsibility. As the doctor stepped gaily and carelessly into the bow, rocking the canoe violently, I had misgiv-

ings. After we pushed off he showed no sign of ever having handled a paddle. He turned his body suddenly, paddled jerkily, and in fact had none of the ordinary inhibitions of a green canoeist. As steersman I sat on top of the canvas over the stern. Suddenly I found myself hurled headfirst into the water. Feeling furious at being ignominiously dumped in the dirty marsh water with all my clothes on, I sensed all the preliminary symptoms of a burst into tears. But one cannot weep under water. When my head came up I saw my doctor carelessly paddling ahead; it was evident he hadn't even missed me. By pure accident he casually turned around and at the sight of my wet head emerging from the water he burst out laughing, so I laughed too. I swam to the canoe and, not much minding whether I dumped the doctor overboard or not, climbed in over the side. We joked all the way home and it was not till I drew near my mother on the front lawn that my long suppressed tears burst forth.

Daily Balch's Tally-ho with its crowd of gay passengers drove by our house on its way to Portsmouth where it connected with the steamboat for the Isles of Shoals. From a distance we children heard the clear notes of the long horn blown by the footman on the rear seat. Then we quickly climbed the old apple tree that spread over the road at a sharp corner. The four horses galloped down the hill towards the brook, we heard the roar of hoofs on the wooden bridge, and we enjoyed the screams of the ladies as their hats were almost torn from their heads by the branches under us. We waved to the passengers and looked forward to the day when we would be allowed to make the expedition to the mysterious Isles of Shoals. For me the day never came.

Fortunately though, my father had one patient living at Odiorn's Point, about eight miles to the north of us. Mr. Parsons had two children about my age and so I was generally invited to accompany my father. Mr. Parsons sent his coachman and pair of fast horses for us and we would speed along at what seemed to me a perilous rate to the Parsons' house. They had just built a large expensive mansion buried in the middle of the pine woods with absolutely no view. The dining room was dark and gloomy and if we stayed for lunch, the meal was alarmingly formal with butlers and champagne. The minute lunch was over, Mary and Lewis Parsons and I escaped to the farm where we had a wonderful time jumping in the hay, riding in the pony cart and finally taking a bath in the ocean. The bath house had a removable roof and it was delightful dressing in the warm sunlight.

Every summer at ebb tide, Rose and Marian and their friends made at least one expedition to the Ledge and I was sure to go too. We walked at least a half mile straight out to sea over small rocks covered with barna-

cles and slippery seaweed and slime. In the pools we found starfish covered with short spines and with legs of various lengths, some just budding where a leg had been recently lost.

Once out on the Ledge I felt we had reached a charmed spot. The two large rocks which formed the Ledge were separated by a fifteen-foot channel. The waves surged back and forth, waving the long seaweed first one way and then the other. The large pink sea anemones which clung to the rocks swayed their long tentacles with the current, and if I gently touched the tentacles they would fold inside and the hole would close round them, leaving a mound like a mold of currant jelly instead of a feathery palm. There were live sea-urchins with long green spines sticking out all over them, quite different objects from the white empty spineless shells we picked up on the beach. Most unbelievable of all were the green lobsters crawling in and out of the seaweed at the bottom of the channel.

We ate a picnic lunch on the Ledge with our eyes alert for new wonders and then hurried back lest the incoming tide catch us out there and necessitate a wait of at least six hours on that lonely Ledge.

One day a tennis court was marked out with whitewash on the upper part of the lawn, crowded between a stone wall and the boardwalk. The ground was rough and unrolled, and sloping. The branches of a spreading elm tree overhung the court. The center net, which was removed nightly, was supported by a cord attached to two small round stakes flimsily braced by guy ropes that required frequent tightening. Sporadically the entire outfit collapsed in the middle of a play. These were the days when men really dressed for sports, adorning themselves with flannel blazer coats. The material for a blazer was inevitably a broad three-inch stripe of violently contrasting colors, with a visor cap and belt striped to match.

VII

Cornish

The New Summer Place

Cornish, New Hampshire, was the summer residence of my aunt, Augusta Saint Gaudens and her husband, the sculptor, Augustus Saint Gaudens. In the summer of 1889 we used their house while they took a trip to Europe. At that time Cornish was farming country and had only a few summer residents, but each was distinguished in one way or another, with artists and writers predominating. The stimulating time we had that summer with such interesting families as the Thomas Dewings, the Herbert Adams, the Charles Platts and the Henry Prellwitzes, made the piazza life at Rye seem dull to my artistic sister, Rose. She set her heart on our buying a place in Cornish and urged me to bring pressure on Papa to do so. While I had very little enthusiasm for faraway Cornish with no marsh, no ocean and no friends I did like the idea of having a place of our own. Rose had her way. The following winter we bought the Chester Pike Farm. This consisted of a commonplace house of the period of 1860, with many sheds and two big barns, a small old cottage with more barns, and about 150 acres of flat land extending from Blow-Me-Down Brook to the Connecticut River.

We planned to fix over the house for temporary use and then build a new house across the road on a plateau with a fine view of Ascutney Mountain. However, the big square piazza we added and the charming walled garden Rose designed so transformed the house that we gave up the idea of building. We called our place "Mastlands" because we learned that the tall pine trees on the land used to be marked for the King, felled and floated down the Connecticut River, and shipped to England for masts for the Royal Navy.

In 1892, when we moved to Cornish, tennis was still in its infancy. The first U. S. National Championship Lawn Tennis Tournament had been held at Newport in 1885. (Our friend, Richard D. Sears, was the winner and continued to win year after year gaining an all-time record of seven successive championships.) Rose and Marian, at that time mildly interested in the game, arranged for us to have a court: that is, we picked out a level area and kept the grass short. After a few years of suffering from the completely unpredictable bounces from the rough grass I pleaded for and obtained a clay court. The new court, following the usual practice in

Figure 5. Mastlands, Cornish, New Hampshire.

Cornish of featuring charming accomodations for the onlookers, was placed close to the east of a large spreading pine. This was perfect for the gallery but made the ball invisible to the players as it passed through sunlight and shadow in the afternoons. Fortunately there were lots of good courts where I was welcome. The Charles Platts had a smooth-surfaced court on a plateau at the top of a bank above Blow-Me-Down Brook, completely shaded in the afternoons by a mass of tall pines. Mr. Platt, the famous etcher, architect, and landscape architect, designed the semi-circular seat for the gallery and the marble table for the iced drinks.

The Winston Churchills (distant relatives of the British Statesman), our neighbors to the north, gave me a standing invitation to their tennis court every day at four. Frequent players there were Fred Parrish (known to the art world as Maxfield Parrish) and Kenyon Cox, the artist, so temperamental that he had days when he did not speak. He never played a stroke of tennis, but he was fascinated by watching the game. He was very tall and thin and his face in repose had a fierce expression exaggerated by his long shaggy black mustache. He enjoyed acting as umpire, and once volunteered for that position when I was playing in a tournament against Fred Parrish. I had a feeling at the end that Fred always felt that I won the match by the extreme partiality of an incompetent umpire.

The Houston court, on a plateau surrounded by pines, was central and liked by all. The popularity and wit of the players always drew a large gallery. Charlotte Houston herself, a famous beauty often painted by artists, was generally at the court. With her was her dear father, in a wheel chair. He had been beaten up in the street by thugs—a case of mistaken identity. Louis Shipman, the fat roly-poly author and playwright, was always on hand, dripping with perspiration from the start and pouring forth a continuous line of boasting and teasing. There was also his great friend Herbert Croly, later one of the founders of the ***New Republic***, silent and serious, desperately concentrating on playing his strokes and thereby inviting wisecracks. Then too, there was Arthur Whiting, musician and composer, small, frail and with powerful glasses, quick at the net, and a most whimsical type of wit, and good old Otto Roth, the violinist who spent a month with us every summer and who adored tennis. All the way over to the court he would ask me what was wrong with his stroke. He never allowed himself more than two sets a day for fear he might injure his violin wrist. He began tennis late in life and was a hopeless player, and what a lot of teasing he had to put up with.

About the year I was married (1905) the George Rublees bought the Houston house and transformed the court. It became the most perfect court on which I have ever played. The only feature of the court that

carried over was the handsome brass handle and ratchet which Fred Parrish had made for tightening the net. It was a pleasure to loosen or tighten the net with that smoothly geared crank. Mr. Rublee secured the polished green granite posts from the famous quarry on the northwest side of Mt. Ascutney. There never was a crooked bounce from the hard smooth surface of the dark purple sand.

With the change of court came a change of atmosphere. No dogs and no children were allowed, and almost no spectators. The few that turned up knew well they might be seen but not heard. So sensitive was Mr. Rublee's game to noise that he could not permit the distant mooing of a cow. Cows in a neighboring pasture a considerable distance away were removed. As Mr. Rublee explained: "It is not so much the mooing of the cow that bothers my game as the thought that the cow might be going to moo." For several summers Mr. Rublee employed a professional tennis player from Europe, Mr. George Agutter. He did not approve of my serve because I just hit the ball in a straightforward stroke. He taught me the glancing stroke which puts a drop on the ball and makes it easier to keep within the service line.

The Philip Littells began coming to Cornish at that time and day after day Mr. Rublee and Mr. Littell stood Mr. Agutter and me for three sets of tennis. That was a wonderful opportunity for me to brace up my tennis game. As I now look back on that summer and realize that I was weaning Sarah, and William was on the way, I realize a possible reason as to why my tennis lacked brillance.

Visiting in Manchester and New Boston

As far back as I can remember I spent a week every summer with the Stones at Manchester, Masschusetts. Their house at Lobster Cove, Smith's Point, was literally built on a huge irregular rock. The front porch was on top of a high portion of the rock. The long piazza in the rear had a magnificient view of the ocean and through the telescope we watched the Portland boat steam by. A curious wooden tower, reached by a long wooden walk, served principally as a bath house. There was no beach. We jumped into the water off the rocks. I suppose the Stones' entire estate was less than half an acre but they squeezed in a stable, vegetable and flower garden, tether ball and even a tennis court. Malcolm Stone was usually building a boat unless he was incapaciated by some recent injury. He was one of those vigorous boys who are always chopping a leg or cutting a finger. He had his little peculiarity of speech too, and couldn't cure himself of saying, "No, you werdent." Mrs. Stone was fond of games

and every evening we played anagrams, the kind in which each person tries to make all the words he can, using only the letters in one long word.

From the Stones I went to the Curtises. Back in 1868, before Manchester had become a fashionable summer resort, Colonel Curtis had bought a large wooded estate with a truly rock-bound coast. Several hundred yards from the shore on the edge of a cliff facing the ocean he had built a massive three-story stone house.

The approach to the house wound through a half mile of Jack pine forest. One alighted under the stone porte-cochere and walked through the house onto the front terrace. Fifty feet below stretched a wide greensward bordered on each side by large trees and flowering shrubs. Straight ahead was a spectacular view of a wooded island not far from the shore. The vast hall on the ground floor was rather cheerless and gloomy but in the similar hall upstairs was a large-size billiard table, generally in use. Upstairs bedrooms were innumerable. There were always many guests and the family, with their ten children, had twelve persons in the house to start with.

Before going for our morning swim we all drank delicious homemade raspberry vinegar. The rest of the summer I rigidly followed the principle of no bathing until two hours after eating. But the Curtises were brought up on the theory that it was best to fortify oneself before taking the plunge in their icy water. They all seemed remarkably sturdy. The raspberry vinegar was irresistible and as far as I was concerned produced no evil results. To warm up for a swim we played a vigorous game of Swimble in the Swough, a kind of court tennis played against the long low roof of the stable. Sides were chosen and any number could join in. It was a humorous and exciting game for the route of the ball in its course along the roof with its dormers and gutter was quite unpredictable.

Meals were high spots, not so much because of the abundance of delicious fruits and vegetables fresh from their garden as for the stimulating conversation. The boys all on one side and the girls on the other. The Curtis tribe with their nicknames for everybody and everything indulged in a vernacular of their own and my closest attention was required to keep track of the scintillating wit and quick repartee. The conversation was general and full of fun and good humor. If anyone should venture a bitter remark, Mrs. Curtis in a kindly, musical voice, would say, "Why look here! Aren't you being a little unkind?"

The Curtises had a flare for golf and daily golf at the Essex County Club was the rule. Jimmy, Peg and Harriot all played excellent golf. Jimmy won the intercollegiate championship in 1898. Peg won the National Singles championship three times, Harriot once, and, on one occasion they

met in the finals. For the Curtis Cup Golf Tournament they have offered a silver bowl which corresponds to the Wightman Cup in tennis. Endless horses were in the Curtis stables and there was always a colt to be looked at in the paddock, but I never rode as the horses were too frisky. We were allowed to drive in the runabout and that was exciting enough.

Occasionally I visited the Langs. They had bought a house in New Boston, New Hampshire, and to me the great charm of their place was the sawmill by the dam. Mr. Lang took great pride in the mill and his miller. At the time of my first visit to New Boston a great deal of lumber was waiting to be sawed and I set right to work. The miller soon taught me where to place the board on the running track and how to turn the power on and off by pushing an overhead stick which shifted the belt. He also showed me where to stand to avoid being hit by flying scantling. After sawing both edges of a thousand feet of lumber we planed one side of each board. The plane, which consisted of knives that revolved like the blades of a lawn mower, made a deafening clatter. After the lumber was sawed and planed Mr. Lang suggested that I help build a new silo which was under construction. So I helped board up the silo. This was to me a red letter visit. I remember on leaving I wrote in the guest book as a joke a quotation I had learned from my father: "Shun idle ease, enjoy laborious days."

A Nova Scotia Holiday

In the summer of 1904 Rose and I made a visit together. J. MacIntosh Bell, an explorer and mining engineer from Canada, was a good friend of Rose's, and Mr. Bell's young half-brother Gilbert Stairs and I had seen a good deal of each other while he was a student at Harvard. Rose and I accepted their invitation to visit them for a week in Halifax and we left Atlantic Avenue on the boat for Nova Scotia. To entertain a couple of children on deck I showed them some of the knots I had learned. A sailor joined us and soon he was teaching me. He was very friendly and all too soon had to leave. I wished I could have had more opportunity to learn from him.

While in Halifax we met interesting people from all over the world. The harbor was full of visiting boats. We went to a tea party on a large English yacht. We met a Russian couple who told me about their weak Czar and wretched government and admitted they were afraid to talk freely even in this country for fear they would be sent to Siberia on their return to Russia. Gilbert had entered my name in a tennis tournament for both singles and doubles. He was my partner in the doubles and we were soon put out. Day by day I won my match in the singles. Rose and

Figure 6. Margaret H. Nichols, 1903.

I had our passage engaged to sail home Friday night but the finals were to be played Saturday. I decided to stay an extra day while Rose left as planned. The tennis standards in Halifax were not very high at that time and I won without much difficulty. Later I received a gold four-leaf clover pin set with pearls, a very handsome prize.

I hated to leave Halifax for I had such good times bicycling, sketching, and canoeing after dark, with phosphorescence shining at every stroke of the paddle. As I boarded the boat for home I found it was the one which had taken me to Halifax. The next morning my sailor friend found me. He stopped by my steamer chair long enough to say he would show me more knots if I would meet him "aft on the lower port deck at six bells." I found our lonely meeting place and had an interesting time with this very rough diamond. My conscience was bothering me a little as to whether Rose would approve and also what would happen if an officer should discover our rendezvous. Again the time passed quickly and still I had not exhausted the sailor's repertory. For instance, he had not shown me how to make a rope rug. He suggested, however, that he was in port every other weekend and a letter addressed to William White on his boat would reach him. And so we parted. As time went on I began to feel more and more the urge for making a rope rug. I wrote to Mr. White asking him to come to our house on a certain Friday evening. Arriving home late Friday afternoon I found a letter on the hall table. It read something like:

> Dear Maggie
>
> Yours received. Meet me in front of Jaynes Drug Store, near the Church on Tremont Street. I'll be waiting for you at seven-thirty.
>
> Yours ever,
> Bill.

I felt indignant and shocked through and through. That my straightforward, honest, shy, pink-cheeked sailor with the rough but skillful hands should have turned out to be a cheap, fresh guy. That I could have been so mistaken in my man! It all upset me so much I dashed out of the house and paced the streets. When I returned an hour later, to my surprise there in the waiting room sat Mr. White and a sailor friend. "Why Mr. White!" I gasped, "I hardly expected to find you here." "Didn't you ask me to come this evening?" he replied. "Yes, I did, but after the letter you wrote me I don't know that I care to see you," I protested, still feeling furious.

"What did the letter say?" he inquired in absolute innocence. "I can't write myself and so I asked the first mate to let you know I was coming. If he played a trick on me and said anything wrong I am very sorry." I felt sure he was speaking the truth and all was well with the world again.

After dinner Mr. White, his friend, my father and I spent a long and interesting evening in the dining room learning rope tricks and stunts, splices and Turk's heads. We parted on most friendly terms. These evenings were often repeated. Mr. White presented me with his sailor's bowie knife in a leather sheaf he had sewn himself and also his sailor's thimble. These I keep in my collection of old carpenters' tools. He even brought me coral and sponge from the West Indies. There were evenings, sad to say, that were not so successful owing to the fact that Mr. White had no scruples about imbibing too much before he came, and his faithful friend had difficulty persuading him it was time to go home. But about this time Arthur Shurtleff absorbed all my attention and Mr. White vanished from the scene forever.

VIII

Coming Out

In the spring of 1898, the year we graduated from school, about twenty future buds were invited to meet at Margaret Farlow's. Then and there we formed the '98 Sewing Circle, elected Susie Howe our first President, and selected our members, whom we limited to fifty. Wednesday was the time-honored day on which all sewing circles met, but we decided there were advantages in not being tied to tradition. Invitations to the Wednesday lunches of sewing circles of other vintage were not infrequent, and we hesitated to cut out the possibility of two good lunches a week. So we decided on Thursday and have never regretted our choice. From time to time we have added to our numbers but by the use of the black bean, especially in the early years, we retained a degree of exclusiveness which we conceived the essence of a social club. We have always been a congenial group and the new members whom we continue to welcome keep us from growing stale.

At first we really sewed at our sewing circle, making red flannel petticoats for the poor. I was an early overseer of the work and managed to cut yards of flannel the wrong way, a faculty I have not lost when occasionally attempting anything in the needlework line. Gradually it dawned on us that the expense of the expressman transporting our basket of work from house to house, added to the cost of materials, was more than the value of the finished product. As a proof of our efficiency we voted to send the money direct to our favorite charity, the District Nursing Association.

In the winter of 1898-99 I went through the formality of coming out. A tea was given for me at our Mt. Vernon Street house and Rose helped me select my coming-out dress, long pale gray silk crepe, with a white lace neck piece and a touch of shell pink around the top of the boned high collar and the wrists. My six or eight best friends were pourers.

Mary Stone and I decided not to devote all our energy to coming out, so we enrolled in a freshman course in inorganic chemistry under Prof. Pope and Prof. Bardwell at M.I.T. We were not required to pass any entrance exams but were treated like regular students. We attended lectures twice a week in Huntington Hall and also had two sessions a week of laboratory work in the Rogers Building, since torn down. We found chemistry even more interesting than we had expected and the following

year took a course in gas analysis. We also tried sanitary science under Prof. William Sedgwick, which I found very helpful. Charlie Winslow, a friend of ours, was Prof. Sedgwick's assistant and Annie Rogers, later Mrs. Charlie Winslow, was a member of the class.

IX

Carpentry

My fascination with tools, which the early sloyd classes at the Shaw School had aroused, by no means diminished with the years. My enjoyment of the chemistry and physics courses I had taken at M.I.T. gave me enough confidence the following year to join a course in carpentry and wood turning under Professor Merrick. In the chemistry class, though there were over a hundred boys, there must have been about fifteen girls. I was surprised to find myself the only girl in the carpentry class of about fifteen boys. Professor Merrick was surprised too—not only surprised but embarrassed, because in the entire building there was no dressing room for women. Finally he offered me his own inner sanctum, a small glassed-in enclosure in the center of the huge shop. The building was a barren one-story affair housing the wood working and the pattern making shop and the forge. It was located near the railroad tracks back of St. Botolph Street. Twice a week we met for a three-hour session and these hours were the high spots of the week for me.

Professor Merrick never got used to my presence. When addressing the class, by force of habit, he always began "Now gentlemen," quickly adding "and lady, or I should say lady and gentlemen" at which we all smiled and the day began right. One of our first creations was a scale model of the corner beam for a frame house, using the correct mortice-tenon for sills, plates and rafters. For a lesson in dovetailing we made the four sides of a drawer, dovetailing all corners and using a blind dovetail for the front piece. This I found quite difficult and ever since I have fought shy of dovetailing by hand. Our final piece was a rather ornate book-case including a small central cupboard with a carved door. Professor Merrick had a passion for carving rosettes and scrolls on every flat surface and edging every shelf with beading. His skill outdid his taste. When the week for the annual Longwood Tennis Tournament arrived I naturally cut several classes while acquiring a few cups. Professor Merrick was not too pleased. "While you came regularly," he said, "you kept ahead of the boys and they had to hustle to catch up, but now they are ahead of you they don't work so well."

The wood turning was even more fun than the carpentry and there were machine lathes for all of us. It only took a few lessons to learn which kind of a chuck to use and how to hold the tool so it would not fly

out of the hand. The fascination of shaping up a cup or a bowl is endless. The cherry stamp box which I still use was my most prized creation. It is banded on the outside and the wood of the bands is a darker, richer color than the rest. This trick was turned by pressing a stick of wood against the spinning band, slightly scorching it, at the same time producing smoke and the delightful fragrance of burning wood.

There were nice boys in the carpentry class. At roll call I learned their last names only and we kept on formal terms. Today it would be another story and an average girl would make better use of her opportunities. I arrived and left by bicycle and there was no leisure for chatting during class. Not one of these boys have I ever seen since.

Ellis Memorial Club

While I was still in my teens Miss Louise Graves asked me to be one of her assistants at the Wednesday evening boys' group of the Ellis Memorial Club. The boys met to sing and play games. Miss Graves lived nearby at 8 Chestnut Street and every Wednesday evening I gobbled a hasty dinner and ran to her house, where three or four girls collected to be chaperoned across the Common to the home of the Club at 6 Carver Street near Park Square. In the main downstairs room was assembled a crowd of boys twelve to eighteen years old. Miss Tibbets hammered at the piano and in a crude fashion broke us in to the standard songs. First we learned the words by repeating them after her. Then we sang with the deafening roar of rasping boys' voices in a small low ceiling room. Games came next on the program and the helpers played too, to suppress violent disputes. The older boys joined a small class in debating and history under the supervision of Mr. Field and Mr. Coolidge.

After a year of playing games with the boys I thought I could spend the time to better advantage by teaching carpentry. The directors took kindly to my suggestion and offered me a small room on the top floor, but said they had no funds for the purchase of tools. The financial end did not bother me at all. I bought the benches and the tools and fitted up the shop. From the start the carpentry was very popular. With a little salesmanship I persuaded understanding friends to give us orders. By the end of the first season we had earned enough money to reimburse me for the outlay on tools. The boys were always paid for their work and were glad to earn money. We made chests and a good type of letter rack with three drawers, for which we received many orders. The order over which I worked most meticulously was for two whitewood bookcases especially designed by Arthur A. Shurtleff for his first office at Congress Street. It was through the thoughtfulness of Ellen Bellows that we had

met at her house for dinner. She had often talked to me of her opposite neighbor of 9 West Cedar Street, and prophesied that this shy man who shunned teas and dances but liked carpentry was just the man for me. As usual she was right.

At the Ellis Memorial shop we struggled longest over a doll house ordered by Mrs. Everett Morss for her daughter. It was colonial in architecture, with pilasters on the corners and a flat roof on which a roof garden was supposed to be planted. This departure from the ordinary type of peaked roof doll house was all due to the influence of Arthur Shurtleff and his general aversion to doing anything the conventional way. I was also helped by Miss Lucy MacInness, who painstakingly painted the patterns on the wall-papers of the four rooms of the doll house. (Miss MacInness was a teacher at the C. Howard Walker School of Design which I was then attending, purely at the instigation of Arthur Shurtleff, who found me painfully ignorant in all matters pertaining to art.)

The execution of all our carpentry orders was not the result of merely working Wednesday evenings during the winters. The boys became so interested that every day after school found them busy. I soon found I was needed every afternoon and all day Saturday. Only a few boys worked on orders; the rest came with their own ideas—something their mothers needed or something for themselves. One time a group of boys was very anxious to make a double runner. I was able to beg two old sleds and with these as a starter we made a very respectable, strong double runner which the boys painted red and named the "Red Devil." They even bought a large gong to ring in front. The boys always paid for the wood they used, but I was able to obtain it quite cheaply by getting old crates from S. S. Pierce and odds and ends from carpenters' shops. The directors of the Ellis Memorial Club had said the boys never had money to pay for anything; my experience was that when they really wanted something they could pay for it.

When a boy had completed a book case or a hat rack for his home he was never satisfied till I had dropped in to see it in use. This first-hand close contact with how the other half lived opened my eyes to the uncivilized living conditions of the poor, an education I could not afford to have missed. I was struck by the contrast between the cold, unlighted dingy stairways, the smelly hall toilets of a forlorn tenement house, and the cheerful kitchens with a stew on the stove and the roomful of red-cheeked, healthy children of all ages. The long hours the mothers worked bringing up their large families in no way detracted from the cheerful atmosphere of the home. One father was a night cab driver. When he came home at midnight his wife always had a hot dinner ready for him. She found

the long evenings passed quickly with ironing and mending. Another woman arose at 4:30 every morning and got on her knees to scrub floors of office buildings, for which she received a small pittance. She had many children and had to do all her own house work after the office work was finished. Mothers such as these put in a prodigious day's work while producing and raising large families. And for some the struggle was too much. They seemed dragged down with the fight against cold and sickness.

Towards Christmas time the idea of exchanging presents with all my well-situated friends did not satisfy my Christmas spirit. I gave notice to my pals that their names were being crossed off my list. Then I bought sweaters and woolen gloves for the Ellis Memonal Club boys and looked forward to a batch of super-grateful letters from those upon whom I had bestowed my blessings. Not a line. Then back to the Club shop expecting a gush of thanks. Not a word. Finally when I was alone with a boy I asked him if he had received a gift from me. At this opening he rather awkwardly thanked me. When I asked him why he had not expressed his pleasure before, he explained, "I was ashamed to thank you." That was a puzzle to me.

John Teehan was my favorite. A teacher shouldn't have favorites but I did. He turned up at every possible occasion, and stayed late to put each tool in place and to sweep the floor. He worked well. One summer I invited him to stay with us in Cornish. He came, aged ten, I suppose, did all sorts of odd jobs for us, and I taught him how to play tennis. John and I became fast friends. The next year the sister of Tim, another of my group, asked me to take him to the country. He was an albino, his eyes were poor, and he could not play baseball or join in any games with other boys. He had a miserable time in Boston all summer, his sister said. I knew well enough the boys teased Tim incessantly so I agreed to take him. To tide Tim over the first day of his arrival I let John's visit overlap. On the way home from the Windsor station John talked enthusiastically. "Can you milk a cow? Just wait till you see our cows and the calves. I can ride Whitey. Whitey is one of the horses and I can drive to Windsor in the cart." So it went on and Tim said less and less. The next day I learned Tim had cried all night. He took no interest in anything. John left. Tim was still disconsolate. The cook told me he wanted to go home and had threatened to her he would board a freight car if I didn't send him right home. I had a talk with him. He didn't like the country, there were no noises, no people. He must be home for the Fourth of July. I used all kinds of arguments and then to gain time suggested he write to consult his sister. He said that wouldn't help because she couldn't read. In the end there was no alternative but to send him

back to Boston. Knowing a little more of psychology now than I did then, the next time I shall let a timid soul make his own discoveries unassisted by a patronizing enthusiast.

Another boy who stayed with us at Cornish was Max Uzab, of Hungarian parentage. He aroused my interest in the Hungarian language, which has no resemblance to any other language. Spelling and reading are so easy in Hungarian they are not taught in the schools. Each letter of the alphabet has only one sound. Once you have mastered that you can spell or read any word. I tested Max out and found he never tried to avoid spelling a hard word. He pronounced the word frequently, writing only a few letters at a time. Three or four days later he spelled the same complicated word in the same way. The language was hard, Max was not a good teacher and my progress was almost zero.

One winter John Teehan fell off a roof and was taken to the Emergency Hospital in Haymarket Square. I went to see him there and he still had his bright smile. A little later he died suddenly of typhoid fever, a real loss for us all. I continued to go to see Mrs. Teehan on Pleasant Street and John's younger brother and I became good friends. One Fourth of July he was injured by a toy cap pistol and died of lockjaw.

School of Design

Up till the twenty-second year of my life I had been the tomboy type, absorbed in outdoor games and developing my biceps. Neither dolls nor dresses interested me. Uncle Augustus credited me with saying "All art is rot," and he may have been right. All my carpentry models were designed for use and strength only. Arthur Shurtleff on the other hand couldn't design a toothbrush holder without finishing it off with a delicate moulding; or a footstool, without a slight slant to the legs. More than anything else I worked to please him. The charm and interest added by the influence of Arthur were undeniable and I realized my own crudeness. Merely to step up my ability as a cabinet maker did not satisfy Arthur. He felt my lack of artistic sense at every turn. I knew nothing about painting. Rose was the artistic one in our family and Marian the scholar. I was content to remain the brawny hard worker. This I would have remained if Arthur had not firmly stepped in, some years before we even so much as spoke of a future together.

Arthur tried to teach me to paint landscapes, and we went off sketching together in Cornish. He was such a patient teacher and these outings were such fun that I tried very hard to please, without having the slightest idea how to paint. Just when I thought all was going well Arthur suggested I ought to learn about design. He recommended the C. Howard

Walker School of Design on Huntington Avenue. So I enrolled in the freshman class. This was a serious school which in three years turned out professional designers of all sorts. Miss Katherine Child was the principal and Miss MacInness her chief assistant. In our first designing we were only allowed to use black and white board. Next triangles were allowed and our borders were ordered to turn a corner. That was exciting. The designs were all pasted up on the wall and the class waited till later in the afternoon for Mr. Walker, the head of the school, to appear. His criticism of all the class designs was the high spot of the week.

There were about as many boys as girls in the class, and four or five of the girls became very good friends of mine and we still meet together once in a while. One of them worked early and late and made conservative good designs, but seldom received a good word from Mr. Walker. Another, Bernice, had no inhibitions about color and made a preliminary sketch with little design, but shrieking with clashing colors. Mr. Walker was wild with enthusiasm, straightened out the design and poured out endless praise. Muriel DuVernet was a most conscientious worker and talented too. She made good use of her training and worked in Miss Hardy's Work Shop long afterwards. There she has decorated furniture of all kinds with great success. I was the first of our design group to be married. Apparently my education was rounded out sufficiently to suit Arthur. Breaking right into the school year, we were married on April 27, 1905, after an eleven weeks' engagement.

X

Longwood Cricket Club

Early Tennis

Lawn tennis came into being in 1873 at a garden party in Wales. Its creator, Major Walter Clopton Wingfield, adapted it from the ancient game of court tennis and christened his off-spring Sphairistike. The early courts were hour-glass in shape and the net was four feet eight inches high. The balls were of India rubber, uncovered, and the rackets were lopsided. In the United States tennis was played in Nahant in 1875 and the following year the first tennis tournament was held on William Appleton's Nahant court.

In 1887 a few cricket and tennis enthusiasts anxious to play in the neighborhood of Boston were fortunate to obtain the loan of a field in Longwood. They organized the Longwood Cricket Club and a cricket course was laid out. Soon the ground was rolled and tennis courts were also laid out. An appropriation of $200.00 was made for a club house; it was voted, furthermore, to provide "a shallow tub not too deep for bathing purposes and not to exceed a cost of seven dollars."

In 1884 Ike Chambers, a leading English cricketer, was brought over to be our cricket professional and to take charge of the club grounds. George Wright (founder of the famous sporting goods firm of Wright & Ditson) and Ike were members of many of Longwood's champion cricket teams. At these matches the audiences were composed largely of Englishmen.

The above information was largely quoted from an account of the early days of the Club written by Dr. John Cummings, an old club member. I first met Dr. Cummings in Cornish before I had done any tournament playing. Mrs. Charles Platt was expecting an addition to her household and in the comfortable custom of those days Dr. Cummings came to visit the Platts to be sure to be on hand for the important event. Fortunately the newcomer was quite late in putting in an appearance, and I had the privilege of playing lots of tennis with Dr. Cummings for about a week at least. Nowadays only royalty can indulge in a resident doctor and the luxury of producing a baby in the home, with no last minute rush to the hospital.

As the interest in cricket waned and tennis became popular, new and better courts were laid out at the cricket club till they had nine clay

courts and many more grass courts available in summer. Primarily the club was for men, but as the courts were idle in the mornings it was decided to invite a few ladies to join, charging dues of only $10.00 a year. I was fortunate to be one of the early lady members. We were allowed the use of the courts on weekday mornings and at other times if we were invited to join in mixed doubles.

The club house had undergone few changes since its simple start. It was just a one-story wooden building with a few feet partitioned off one end for the ladies' dressing room; a half dozen lockers were stuck in, no shower and no bathroom. During a tennis tournament we were allowed to use the men's shower. I mentioned the lack of plumbing in the ladies' quarters to Dr. Cummings the other day and he could hardly believe me. He called Irving Wright who was equally amazed. Just one of those masculine oversights. Getting to the club was a bit of a problem. Tennis skirts, rather riskily short, being all of four or five inches off the ground, were not considered sufficiently modest for streetcar respectability. We put an ordinary skirt over our white piqué tennis skirt, black stockings over white and a long coat over all. After a tough match on a hot day, it took courage, unbenefited by bath or shower, to bundle up for the ride home. How the perspiration poured down our fiery red faces as we sat in the crowded car!

An alternative was to ride the three miles through the traffic on our bicycles, racket in hand. Once in a while I was lucky enough to drive out with Evelyn Sears or Eleo Sears.

The Ladies' Singles

My first tournament experience was in September 1898, in the Annual Ladies' Singles of the Longwood Cricket Club. I left Cornish earlier than usual in order to take part, and stayed with Evelyn Sears in Waltham. The drawings were so naively arranged that after a good many rounds had been played the contestants were reduced to just three, of whom I was one. In this dilemma the men's committee was consulted. They ordered a drawing made. I drew the lucky number and became a finalist without going through the ordeal of a semi-final match. In the finals I met for the first time Margaret Hunnewell, a distinctly outstanding player. She defeated me in two sets. Then came the problem of who was entitled to the runner-up prize. Again the men were consulted and the decision was that all those defeated by Margaret Hunnewell should compete among themselves. This time I emerged successful and for the second prize was given an attractive silver pen tray neatly inscribed.

The winner of the Longwood Ladies' Singles was ranked as New Eng-

land Champion and a good many players, including the national champion, entered the tournament in the hope of walking off with our title. As far as I can remember no outsider was successful in winning the singles till Hazel Hotchkiss came along. She soon married George Wightman and settled down in Brookline. Outsiders were disgusted with our crowded, shabby accommodations and were surprised at our high grade of tennis. Marion Jones and Mildred MacAteer, both holders of the National Championship, were eliminated by Eleanor Stockton and Margaret Hunnewell.

The summer of 1899 I played a lot of tennis in Cornish, mostly with men. Hence in October I entered the Longwood Cricket Club tournament full of hope. Billy Putnam and I in the mixed doubles defeated Arthur S. Pier and Jane Stockton in the finals: 6-3, 6-2, 6-2. With Evelyn Sears as a partner in the ladies' doubles we walked off as the winners.

From some old newspaper clippings I find that in the singles I defeated Evelyn Sears 6-1, 6-4. This match I do not remember in the slightest but I remember very clearly the finals in the singles. Again I was up against Margaret Hunnewell and she was at the top of her game. We had a long grilling match on our favorite court close to the club house. Chairs were brought out to accommodate the large gallery of fifty spectators and among them was Mr. Hollis Hunnewell, Margaret's father. None of my family ever showed up to watch a match, but often Otto Roth came.

Margaret Hunnewell served a low swift underhand ball which was consistently well placed and landed near the service line. In returning a ball she used a graceful, long swing and hit the ball on the top of the bounce. This innovation was disconcerting to me, as it speeded up returns and kept me on the run. I had trained myself to hit the ball as it neared the ground and to put on a drop. Her game consisted of steady, well directed drives from the back court, while I preferred to run to the net and smash when I had an opportunity. We each won a set and then fought desperately for the third set. It was anybody's set for a long time but I finally won 11–9. Unfortunately to win the finals at that time, like the men, the ladies played for the best three out of five sets. After our short rest Margaret came back to the court playing better then ever and I had shot my bolt. She won the next two sets and the tournament. The scores were 4–6, 6–3, 9–11, 6–2, 6–4, fifty-seven games in all.

About that time I began to realize the importance of footwork. I played a little golf and noticed how carefully one placed one's feet in aiming a stroke. The direction of the ball was in fact entirely determined by the position of the feet. I tried applying that principle to tennis: first take the correct position and then swing the racket in a fixed relation to the body. This system developed greater accuracy of placement and more

assurance in my stroke. I was less likely to be put off my game in a tournament.

Another great help to me was playing with my left hand. It frequently happened that I had to play singles with individuals who were definitely members of the duffer class. This I found not only boring but ruinous to my game, which I took very seriously. So I resorted to my left hand, making a secret rule to myself. Whenever I beat anyone 6–2 or worse I would then play with my left hand till they beat me 6–2. One day I was playing with a rather conceited young man, who unknown to him, was placed in the duffer class after the first set. The second set he did considerably better, but I won left-handed. He carefully drew my attention to how rapidly his game was coming back and never noticed the real explanation.

Using the left hand interested me because it made me analyze every motion of my right hand and then try to transpose it. Teaching my left hand also helped me to teach others. This in turn helped my right hand. It gave me a certain formula to fall back on during a slump period in a match. I remember one discovery, that a good underhand stroke should always begin with the racket well forward and not hanging at one's side. Also I learned the importance of resting the racket, whenever possible, in the left hand.

Longwood Tournaments

In 1900 Mildred McAteer, the National Tennis Champion, entered the Longwood Tournament and came up against Margaret Hunnewell in the finals. Miss McAteer made a good start, winning the first two sets 6–2 and 6–1. Up to this time Margaret had been using her new overhand service. In the third set, however, she changed to her underhand cut and turned the tide. She won the last three sets 6–1, 7–5, 6–2, a total of 42 games. That year I did not shine. Evelyn Sears and I defaulted in the doubles.

The only clippings I have for the next year, 1901, show that Evelyn Sears and I won the doubles by defeating Isabelle Lawrence and Helen Howard in three straight sets. Margaret Hunnewell never entered the women's doubles and wisely saved her strength for singles and mixed doubles. By 1903 Evelyn and I were feeling we were quite a team. Mrs. Coe and Mrs. Platt, a famous pair from Staten Island, came on to compete in the Tournament at Longwood. As usual I was visiting Evelyn in Waltham and we were quite alarmed at the prospect of meeting these victorious strangers in the finals. However we disposed of them quite easily in the first set, winning at love. This gave us that fatal feeling of confidence, and the

visiting team won the next two sets 6–2, 6–3. They played an incessant lobbing game and gave me very little chance to smash. We asked them afterwards if they didn't feel nervous after losing the first set without getting a game. They replied—not at all. We never pay any attention to the score of the first set but devote our energy to sizing up the opponents. We felt very discouraged not to have won the match. The Longwood Cricket Club in addition to the usual prizes offered a large silver cup, to become the permanent possession of the first lady to win the tournament three times.

Finally in 1903 came my opportunity. Margaret Hunnewell had married George Baty Blake and was out of the running. That left Evelyn Sears as my most dreaded rival. My best stroke was a cross-court, low bouncing ball with a light cut. Evelyn, being left handed, always returned it with ease and at my backhand. I set to work summer after summer practicing shots straight down the line which would attack Evelyn's backhand. This meant putting the ball where my right-handed opponents could easily handle it, but it had to be done. My own ambition was to win at the Longwood Tournament. When the test came this year I not only worked my way to the finals but beat Evelyn in two straight sets. It certainly was a wonderful feeling to find myself the winner at last after all my struggles.

In 1904 I again reached the finals and struggled through a really tough match against Evelyn Sears. She won the first set without my getting a game and was within a few points of winning the match when I managed to turn the tide and take the second set 11–9 and the third set at 6–1. This not only gave me first prize but a second leg on the Longwood Bowl. Immediately after this match Evelyn and I won the ladies' doubles, defeating Jane Stockton and Marion Fenno in two straight sets.

Later Matches

The next clipping I have is about the Country Club tournament in May 1908. The headline of the ***Globe*** reads: "Eleanora Sears and Beals Wright beaten. Mrs. Shurtleff and Dabney surprise gallery at Country Club." Alfred Dabney was listed to play with Marion Fenno but at the last minute I was substituted as his partner. I had never played with Dabney before. The ***Globe*** further reads: "The best pair adjudged by reputation seemed to be Miss Eleanora Sears and Beals Wright, the former champion, both of whom have been playing high class tennis in New York this spring." Dabney was a young and brillant player and we hit it off together for that match, winning with the score 3–6, 7–5, 6–4. The May 19 ***Globe*** headline says: "Mrs. Shurtleff and Dabney win great match."

That was in the semi-finals when we beat Mrs. Barger-Wallach and Harry Johnson 7–5, 3–6, 6–4. Mrs. Barger-Wallach was a seasoned tournament player from Newport and Harry Johnson an excellent doubles player, in fact one of the national doubles champions. Though Alfred Dabney and I reached the finals we were then eliminated by Edith Rotch and Nat Niles who were national mixed doubles champions that year. Nat Niles had a most terrific serve, I remember, with a twist on it that gave it a sharp break either to the right or left. The final point Nat served to me. My partner called "way over." I dashed in one direction while the ball bounced in the other.

In 1911 Evelyn and I reached the finals in some Women's Patriotic Doubles but were beaten in the finals by Hazel Hotchkiss Wightman and Eleanora Sears; in 1914 Evelyn and I won the finals by defeating Edith Rotch and Mrs. Barger-Wallach 6–4, 6–0.

The Longwood Cricket Club built two indoor courts at Chestnut Hill in 1913 and the next winter I was invited to play in an exhibition mixed doubles Tournament. My partner turned out to be Fred Watson of New York and we were easily beaten by Marion Fenno and Nat Niles. Ann Sheafe, paired with Richard Norris Williams, defeated Fenno and Niles to win the Tournament. Again in September 1916 I entered the Longwood Singles and Mrs. Barger-Wallach eliminated me without having to exert herself. That year I decided not to enter any event except the singles as my six children were small, and getting from Ipswich to Longwood daily was difficult. So I had no doubles partner. The Committee asked me if I would not enter the doubles with a Mrs. Harrison Smith who had come on from Philadelphia. I regretfully declined, but the Committee were quite insistent as they wanted to give the visiting player a reasonably good partner. Finally I had a bright idea. I said I would agree to play if they would put us up against the best team in our first match. This proposition was accepted and we found we were to play Molla Bjurstedt and Eleanora Sears, picked as the winning team. They did win the National Doubles at Philadelphia in 1916 and 1917.

In the morning Mrs. Smith and I were easily defeated in our singles matches. We took the electric car to Boston and lunched at the Women's City Club. We were so resigned to our fate we were not a bit nervous, on the contrary we ate a hearty lunch and hurried back to the courts. We had never seen each other before that day but we planned to use the same tactics as Evelyn and I had found successful. I was to stand at the net and kill all I could reach and Mrs. Smith was to cover the back court, lobbying or doing anything to keep the ball away from either opponent who might come to the net. We were beaten 6–2 the first set but

not discouraged. Mrs. Smith proved quite steady in the back court and I felt I could rely on her. Our opponents, probably feeling serenely confident, often gave me chances to kill the ball, and we won the second and third sets 6–4, 6–4, keeping the lead most of the time. It certainly was an inexplicable upset. Although Mrs. Smith and I won another round we only reached the semifinals, being put out by Edith Rotch and Maud Barger-Wallach. It was fun and I enjoyed playing with Mrs. Smith.

In 1919 I made another try, entering the singles and the doubles with Ruth Haydock for a partner and the mixed doubles with A. N. Reggio. In the singles I beat Florence Ballin from New York 8–6, 6–3; in the mixed A. N. Reggio and I defeated Florence Ballin and R. C. Seaver but did not get as far as the finals in any event. Marion Zinderaten of Newton, a protege of Hazel Wrightman's and the Canadian Champion, was too much for me, winning 7–5, 6–4 in the semi-finals. The next year I entered the handicap tournament, probably because I was put out of the regular tournament in an early match. At any rate, although I gave Mrs. Godfrey half 15 (15 every other game) in the finals, I managed to win 6–2, 7–5.

Immediately afterwards Evelyn and I played the doubles finals against Elias Cabot and Mrs. Godfrey. We carried quite a handicap as we owed fifteen every game and gave half 15 in addition. It was a long drawn out match, and coming right on top of the other finals, and I lost a good deal of pep before we were defeated 6–3, 5–7, 6–0. Occasionally I entered a tournament at Montserrat and won the singles once and the doubles playing with Alice Thorndike, a very steady player. And once or twice I went as far as Bass Rocks to play in a tournament. Ruth Haydock and I once tried in vain to win at the Essex Country Club.

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XI

1905—1914

In February of 1905, Arthur Shurtleff and I became engaged and were married in King's Chapel on April 27 of the same year. Arthur's interests had always been in nature and outdoor life. Although he had graduated from M.I.T. with a degree in engineering in 1894, he decided to take another degree at Harvard so that he might take more courses in liberal arts, particularly history of art. While there he met the son of President Eliot, Charles W. Eliot, Jr., who was then one of the country's foremost landscape architects. Arthur, who saw great prospects in the new profession, upon graduation in 1896 became an apprentice in the office of Frederick Law Olmsted and his two sons, in Boston. The Olmsteds, famous landscape architects, were developing many parkways and recreation areas at that time. Later when Harvard University decided to start a School of Landscape Architecture, Arthur was appointed an instuctor. Natually at first there were few pupils, but through the years the school grew until it became one of the leading landscape schools in the country. Soon after our marriage Arthur decided with many misgivings to leave the Olmsted firm, give up teaching and set up an office of his own. His fears proved quite unjustified since he always had all the work he could handle, leaving the house generally by seven in the morning and returning just in time for dinner.

We rented a house at 50 Mount Vernon Street. Numbers 50, 52 and 54 had been originally built as stables for three corresponding houses on Chestnut Street. The Chestnut Street owners had restricted them to one story in height. No. 50 was occupied for many years by a grocery store but had later been remodeled as a dwelling, with a large living room and two small bedrooms on the entrance floor and a dining room and kitchen in the basement. This lower level, because of the slope of the hill, was sunny and above ground at the rear of the house. We found to our surprise that a twelve-foot-wide passage way had been taken out of the house to maintain the required right of way for a cow. There was a small back yard in which were several large elms. Arthur was soon at work terracing the yard and planting hedges. We made a trestle dining table which could easily be taken outdoors when we felt like eating in the garden. Sidney was born in this house in 1906 and we soon felt we needed larger quarters. We moved a block away, into No. 7 West Cedar Street, corner of Acorn, in the fall

Figure 9. The jolly boat and basket cart.

of 1908, shortly after Sarah had put in her appearance at our summer place in Cornish, N. H. William and Jack were born at No. 7; again we were too crowded and finally moved in 1912 to a house we bought at 66 Mount Vernon Street, where we have lived ever since. There Elizabeth and Alice were born.

Naturally a landscape architect required a summer home in the country within commuting distance from Boston. After much deliberation we decided in 1908 that Argilla Road, Ipswich, was the place for us. An attractive drumlin was for sale there, with a broad view of the marshes, the Castle Neck River, and, in the distance, the sand dunes. The amount of land for sale was twice as much as we wanted, but luckily we found our friends, William and Manie Robbins, were willing to buy half of it with us. Arthur divided the hill and the lowland in halves and we drew lots for the ownership. Though the Robbins' won the half with the better view ours was good also. Arthur and I drew endless plans for the smallest and cheapest house we felt would be practical for our family, which then numbered only four. With the aid of hindsight I now realize it would have been much cheaper in the long run, and we could have been more comfortable, if we had indulged in larger quarters and better equipment at the start. We used the board and batten type of construction, after the style of shacks in the south. Arthur, with his flair for the unusual, had planned a make-it-yourself open fireplace. For this he bought large sheets of steel which we were able to bend and rivet in almost the exact lines of the type of fireplace found in old houses. After our house was finished we made a concrete base on which we placed our steel fireplace, and about five feet up from the base we connected it with a short pipe to the chimney. To our intense satisfaction the draft was perfect and the maximum amount of heat was thrown out into the room. For cooking we had a Florence oil stove which occasionally bathed the kitchen in thick black soot and was always a trial. Another economy was our hot water supply. This consisted merely of a small oil lamp under a well-insulated boiler. We never had enough water and it was never hot.

The Argilla Road area had neither electricity, gas, nor town water. While we had no difficulty in finding a good supply of fresh water when we dug a well at the foot of the hill, we faced a problem in working out a method to lift it to the top of our house. Our neighbors' solution, high windmills of iron framework construction, seemed too unsightly to Arthur. He preferred to make a small reproduction of an old windmill that was still functioning on Nantucket Island. Our windmill pulled back and forth the arm of a hand pump, located over the well, by means of wires strung overground from the windmill on top of the hill to the pump at the foot.

Arthur designed the machinery and made the models for the bevel gears. In theory the mill was a great success. It was picturesque and it pumped water into our tank at the top of the house. From my point of view it seemed like more of a responsibility than all the children lumped together. My first duty in the morning was to unfurl the sails on the four arms, push the big wheel that turned the hood of the mill into the wind and wait to see if the wind was strong enough to turn the arms. Sometimes the wind was so strong that only two sails were needed. If all was well the wires would go back and forth, the pump would work, and after some time a trickle of water could be heard dropping into the tank in our attic. The wind was not always co-operative. It might change in direction, it might die down or it might speed up and snap off an arm of the mill. In a high wind it was necessary to furl the sails in a hurry, a ticklish job. First the mill must be turned out of the wind, but even then the sails continued revolving at some speed. By catching one moving arm after another I could generally slow the mill down enough to tie the arms and furl the flapping sails. The trying times were the days when there was no wind or water, and consequently, no baths. For emergencies we collected rain water—enough to wash the dishes and that was about all. If our guests wanted a bath we could only offer them a dip in the creek. In those days that meant a long walk across the prickly marshes and, unless the tide was high, a slimy descent down a muddy bank.

Before the children were of school age we were able to stay in Ipswich after most of the other summer residents had returned to the city. It was then we discvovered new objectives for our walks: the dumps of our neighbors. Since there was no regulation method of getting rid of trash, all outworn and useless articles were chucked in a family dump, somewhere in the fields back of the house. Here the inventive genius of Arthur Shurtleff was often fired by an apparently useless reject. A special find was made in the dump of the Theodore Wendell family, where we discovered a decrepit willow baby carriage. Although the upper part was past repair, the chassis was in good condition. Arthur immediately saw the possibility of fastening an old box on top of the frame, producing a perfect movable crib for the newest baby. We started off with the baby carriage, passing through the apple orchard on our way. The ground was covered with windfalls, large red Baldwins. The frost would soon get them, we argued, so why not fill the carriage with apples? This we promptly did, and started home with the loot. To our horror, up the driveway at this moment came a carriage from which piled endless members of the Wendell family. It seemed their winter home was in the town of Ipswich and they returned to this house for weekends. There was no escape for us; Arthur

marched up to Mr. Wendell and pleaded guilty. Nevertheless the carriage with a red box on top was for years one of our most satisfactory possessions.

Another of our economies for many years was doing without a car. We struggled along as best we could, but some sort of arrangement had to be made to get the children to the beach, over a mile away. Arthur was at his best in designing basket carts and trailers that could be attached to our bicycles. Two five-bushel baskets balanced on either side of the axle shaft of two carriage wheels made a very simple way to transport two or three children. For longer distances Arthur made what we called the Jolly Boat, constructed somewhat like a canoe and set on two wheels, with plenty of room for children and sweaters and lunch baskets. Arthur could tow this behind his bicycle. Another device was attaching various seats fore and aft a bicycle.

We finally succumbed and bought a Ford "banana wagon," open to the breezes and without a self-starter. Turning the crank in front of the car was not only difficult but dangerous. The crank could suddenly spin in reverse and break a wrist. So Arthur invented a way to avoid direct handling of the crank. He did so by attaching a wheel to the shaft and winding a rope around the wheel. Then, theoretically, all was set. The six children were directed to stand in line holding the rope. At a signal, all walked across the road. The wheel would turn and the engine might or might not be started. If the engine was obstinate and refused to start, this process had to be repeated, sometimes several times. We often held up passing cars whose drivers wondered what was going on, causing me no end of embarrassment. A trip from Ipswich to Boston, a distance of 30 miles, took about four hours. And always a spark plug had to be cleaned on the way.

XII

English Bells

The soft tone of a bell sounding across the country-side is a form of music so familiar to us all that one seldom stops to consider the intricate mechanical processes involved in producing a powerful musical vibration, pleasing to the ear both nearby and at a distance. To obtain the correct proportion of tin and copper which compose the bell metal, to best design the contour of the moulds in which the bells are cast; to tune the bells, hang them so they may be controlled with the least physical effort and finally to ring the bells—all these processes require the knowledge of skilled experts and afford possibilities for endless variations, the ultimate success of which may be detected only by a trained bell ear.

In England, the occasion of the casting of a set of bells is as awe-inspiring as in the days of Schiller's "Lied von der Glocke." When the peal of eight bells for the Church of the Advent in Boston was cast, I was present in the foundry of Mears and Stainbank in Whitechapel, London. Peering into the furnace, I saw the mass of white-hot metal as a ladle-full was extracted for sampling purposes. The tester, finding the mixture too brittle, ordered a little more copper. Two helpers appeared, carrying between them a huge ingot of copper, and thrust it into the molten metal where it rapidly dissolved. When all was ready a door was opened at the bottom of the furnace and the thick glowing mass slowly made its way along a system of troughs arranged in the form of a main river with its tributaries. The metal disappeared down a hole at the end of the first tributary and gradually filled the underground mould of the heaviest bell. When the hot air and dust shot spitting out of the vent hole, a barricade was rapidly built at the head of the tributary and the endless stream flowed slowly on to the next branch. Thus noiselessly and without mishap the eight moulds were filled with the homogenous mixture of bell metal, as is necessary to ensure the same quality of tone in all the bells of a peal.

When the moulds are removed the bells are anxiously examined for imperfections in casting and are tested for mathematically correct harmonics. Besides the tap note the old English bell has for overtones a major third, fifth and octave above and a hum tone a flat seventh below. The modern Simpson system of tuning has for overtones a minor third and fifth and octave with a hum tone a full octave below. A bell

which possesses true overtones when first cast and requires no tuning is called a "Maiden Bell." But as a general rule tuning is necessary. Formerly a file in the hands of an expert tuner, working on the sound-bow or thick part of the bell against which the tongue strikes, was the only means of lowering or raising the note. Recently a tuning lathe in which the bell is placed has come into general use.

Unfortunately even the English bells are not always in tune. In the neighborhood of Westminster Abbey the boys were said to whistle out of tune and the blame was put squarely on the Abbey bells, which for nearly two hundred years were noticeably off key. However, the bells were retuned in 1919 and are no longer a cause of complaint. In a set of eight bells, the relative weights vary much less in English bells than American. The tenor or heaviest bell is about three times as heavy as the treble or lightest bell when cast in England, but when cast in this country the tenor weighs about eight times as much as the treble, with the result that the tones of the lighter bells are overpowered by the deeper vibrations of the heavy bells. The English bells when set for ringing rest mouth up. When the rope is pulled the bell makes a complete revolution and is struck by the swinging tongue on the upper side as the bell ascends. The ringer, in the ringing chamber some twenty feet below, holds the tufted bell-rope so as to check the bell, balances her mouth up for an instant, then pulls her off again for the next stroke. (Bells are female.) Thus the great volume of sound, with the resonant overtones, is thrown out first to one side, then the other. To handle a bell weighing anywhere from five hundred pounds to three tons through the intricacies of change-ringing requires a degree of skill achieved only after long practice. Tunes are out of the question on swinging bells as the interval of striking can be changed only slightly.

The Bells of Christ Church

"This peal of eight bells is the gift of a number of generous persons to Christ Church in Boston, New England. Anno 1744."

"We are the first ring of bells cast for the British Empire in North America A.D. 1744."

Thus read the inscriptions on the first and third bells in the tower of Christ Church (Old North) on Salem Street in the North End of Boston. Installing this set required special skill and Rudhall of Bristol, England, planned to send his workmen with the bells. Circumstances beyond his control interfered, as is shown by the following letter.

Mr. Gunter

Sir:

I am very sorry for the disappointment in not being able to prevail upon John Baker to go with ye bells (whom ever since they were first ordered I depended upon) for Baker's own part he would very willingly take the voyage, but ye moment the news came to his wife that the bells were sent for down to Bristol, she immediately swooned away to that degree that the people about her after great difficulty could scarce bring life into her, which affected her husband very much and with her persuasions after has prevailed upon him not to go (though quite entirely against his own inclinations) for she says if he does go 'twill be the death of her, and so upon his not going have sent a moddal of ye frame for your Carpenters to work by, and have likewise sent a written direction for putting the Headstocks and wheeles on ye bells.

There is a person in Philadelphia that is capable and has been concerned in England with Bell-hanging whom, if you can agree with, will do the business perhaps as well as Baker, if you'll be pleased to write to him you may direct to Henry Clarke at the Coach and Horses opposite ye Stathouse, Philadelphia to whom if he comes shd be greatly obliged to you Sir, if youd be so good as let him have ye Catalogues of bells which I have sent, or otherwise if he does not come, beg if you have any opportunity of sending them without expence, that you would be so kind as do it. I can think of nothing more for directions concerning ye bells and materials than what I have already wrote down.

I have sent you a good Peal of Bells, and hope you will get ringers to have them well rung.

I return you a great many thanks for ye favour you have done me and heartily wish you good success with ye bells and am

Sir

Your most obliged

and Obedient Servant

Abell Rudhall

Bristol,

March ye 9th 1744

Tacked up on the wall of the ringing chamber was found an old contract which showed that a guild of ringers had been organized in 1750 and that they were to be allowed to ring the bells for two hours, once a week. The second name on the contract is that of Paul Revere. One of the stipulations in the contract reads, "Provided we can have the whole care of the Bells." This might explain why the tower of the Old North played such an important part in signalling on the night of April 18, 1775.

Paul Revere, though not a member of the church, may have had access to the key of the tower.

The Old Colony Guild

My father, Arthur H. Nichols, was born on Stillman Street in 1840 almost under the tower of Christ Church. He was an enthusiastic listener to the bells as they rang for Sunday service and soon he was helping the sexton chime the tunes. Some of these are still familiar, such as "Watchmen Tell Us of the Night" and "Oh, Dear, What Can the Matter Be?" Even when my father was a student at Harvard he walked home Sundays in time to ring the bells.

Many years later, while on a trip to England, my father ascended to a ringing chamber while ringing was in progress and became greatly intrigued by the English art of change ringing. He later learned to handle a tower bell, was elected a member of the Ancient Society of College Youths, a bell-ringers group founded in 1637, and subscribed to the magazine "Bell News."

On returning to Boston he learned that Christ Church was undergoing extensive restoration. He visited the Church to look at the bells and to his surprise found eight well worn rope holes in the floor under the bells, and also an old brass ground truck with ball bearings, made years before the modern ball bearing was patented.

Greatly excited by the possibility of starting English change ringing in Boston, my father set to work to rehang the old bells. He enlisted the help of Bishop William Lawrence and together they raised sufficient funds. New bell ropes with their red, white and green tufting were imported from England. The repairs were completed just in time to celebrate the nineteenth of April, 1894. My father had collected eight Englishmen, all ringers, and organized them as the Old Colony Guild of Bell Ringers. They rang before and after the church service. Hundreds gathered in the streets to hear the bells, on which no changes had been rung since the day the Marquis de Lafayette visited Boston. The members of the Old Colony Guild met regularly, sometimes at Christ Church and sometimes at our house for hand bell ringing. It was not till I was through school that I had my first lesson on how to handle the rope of a swinging bell.

The rope was new and stiff and did not rise and fall evenly. The floor of the ringing chamber was covered with a thick layer of dust and grime. At every stroke, the rope coiled on the floors and picked up soot which was deposited on my hands and face as the rope descended. Being naturally excited, I either overpulled my bell and then had to check it or

failed to pull hard enough, and the bell would begin to fall. A green ringer is sure to be the hottest and most exhausted of the band.

Although the Italians in the neighborhood enjoyed the sound the bells our practice ringing was not universally welcomed. The librarian in a nearby public library considered the ringing a nuisance and complained. This was quite a blow to my father. The church authorities asked us to give up our practice night and ring on special occasions only. Fortunately in 1900 the bells which I had seen cast in London were installed in the Church of the Advent in Boston. We were asked to ring for the blessing of the bells. We had several practice evenings but always with the tongues clamped. Bells are supposed to be sounded for the first time after the service of the blessing.

While the service took place in the church below we stood by our bells high up in the ringing chamber. The band consisted of six skilled Englishmen and Mr. S. F. Batchelder and myself, two novices. Our bells were set and ready to be pulled off. Finally the electric light flickered, our conductor shouted "She's going-gone" as he pulled off his bell, and we in quick succession all pulled at our ropes. Since the tongue of a bell does not strike as a bell drops but hits the upper lip as the bell ascends, there is an appreciable interval between the pull and the stroke and the larger the bell the greater the interval. Generally one is familiar with the sound of one's bell and after a few rounds one can correct any uneveness. But at this important ceremony we had never been privileged to hear our bells. The clashing was terrific and we were too bewildered to bring order out of chaos. "Stand!" called the conductor and we all did our best to set our bells as soon as possible.

Fortunately we did not have to face the congregation as they left the church. The bells had received their blessing and their voices had been heard. For some time we practiced enthusiastically one evening a week until again complaints arose. Dinner parties were disturbed, children were kept awake and what were we trying to celebrate anyway? The bells were hung in a low steeple, close to dwelling houses, and they did send forth a volume of inexplicable sound as we practiced our change ringing.

XIII

Ringing in England

Discouraged by the limited opportunity for ringing practice in Boston, my father announced in the spring of 1902, that he was going to take me to London where "the more they ring the better they like it." I did not at first relish this break with my anticipated summer of tennis in Cornish but my father's enthusiasm for the trip and his complete faith that I was made of ringing stuff swept me along. On July 2 we boarded the SS New England at Charlestown and three or four boys from the Ellis Memorial Club came to the pier to see me off. As the parting whistle pierced the air there were certainly tears in my eyes. The boat was so crowded that all could not eat at one time and we were listed for the second sitting. By the time the gong was sounded for our late dinner I was hungry and miserable and Papa was nowhere to be found. I hunted in his stateroom and in mine and all over the decks and the saloon and I sent the stewards looking for him. Finally he was found asleep in the smoking room. (At that time ladies were never allowed in the smoking room and the stewards did not really know the person for whom they were looking.)

Later in the voyage I was delighted to find Bella Shaw, an old tennis friend. She was accompanied by her mother and her father. Her father had previously taught me how to put designs on leather and how to stain it. He did very beautiful leather work himself. Through him I had bought half a cowhide which lasted me the rest of my life. Mr. Shaw was also an expert in the art of making knots. In our spare time on board he taught me splicing, Turk's heads and one especially intricate knot called the jar knot. I was so afraid I might forget this knot that Mr. Shaw gave me one tied on a leather thong. This I have carefully kept but I can no longer reproduce it. (Thirty-six years later Bella Shaw Lowell's son, Francis Cabot Lowell, married my daughter Elizabeth.)

Papa had brought his set of heavy hand bells with him and soon formed among selected passengers an enthusiastic group of ringers so that I could continue practicing the Grandsire Method. Although I did not then realize it, my father's ambition in taking me to England was to have me ring a peal.

Change Ringing

Before telling of my struggles, I shall try to explain just what a peal

is. In the early seventeenth century tower bells were generally rung in rounds; that is, in scale beginning with the treble or highest bell and going straight down to the tenor or lowest bell. In writing changes a bell is always designated by its number. The position of the number in a line indicates when it is rung in relation to the other bells. A scale is written 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8. A change would be 2 1 3 4 5 6 8 7. Note that at the change, number 2 bell rings first and number 1 rings second. Number 3 still rings in third place, etc. Call changes were the first changes to be rung and were known by name. The conductor called Queens and the bells rang:

1 3 5 7 2 4 6 8
7 5 3 1 2 4 6 8.

After that had been rung a few minutes the next, Tittums, was called:

1 5 2 6 3 7 4 8
5 1 6 2 7 3 4 8

Then Whittington:

1 2 3 5 7 4 6 8
1 2 7 5 3 4 6 8

and another called Tommy:

1 3 2 5 4 7 6 8
1 3 2 5 4 7 6 8.

The conduct of ringers in the steeple was not always in keeping with the quiet dignity expected in a place of worship. It was the custom to post warnings in the tower and even to impose penalties, as is shown by this poem dated 1650.

If that to ring you do come here
You must ring well with hand and ear.
If that you ring in spur or hat
A quart of ale you must pay for that
And if a bell you overthrow
Sixpence is due before you go.
And if you curse or sware, I say
A shilling's due without delay.
And if you quarrel in this place,
You shall not ring in any case.

At that time John Bunyan was an enthusiastic ringer, as is shown by two of his poems on a Ring of Bells. After his conversion Bunyan felt obliged to give up ringing, though not without great reluctance. The following is taken from his autobiography in ***Grace Abounding***.

Now you must know, that before this I had taken much delight in ringing, but my conscience beginning to be tender, I thought such practice was but vain, and therefore forced myself to leave it; yet my mind hankered; wherefore I would go to the steeplehouse and look on, though I durst not ring; but I thought this did not not become religion neither; yet I forced myself and would look on still. But quickly after I began to think, How if one of the bells should fall? Then I chose to stand under a main beam, that lay overthwat the steeple from side to side, thinking I might stand sure; But then I thought again, should it fall with a swing, it might first hit the wall, and then, rebounding upon me, might kill me for all this beam. This made me stand in the steeple door; and now, thought I, I am safe enough; for if a bell should then fall, I can slip out behind these thick walls, and so be preserved notwithstanding.

So after this I would yet go to see them ring, but would not go any farther than the steeple door; but then it came into my head, How if the steeple itself should fall? and this thought (it may, for aught I know, when I stood and looked on), did continually so shake my mind, that I durst not stand at the steeple door any longer, but was forced to flee, for fear the steeple should fall on my head.

In the seventeenth century Fabius Stedman, a ringer at St. Benets tower in Cambridge, England, invented a system which could be memorized and by which all possible changes on any number of bells could be rung. Each ringer could vary his position by one step at a time without conflicting with another bell and the sound effect was pleasing and harmonious. In 1668 Stedman published his famous book called ***Tintinnalogia***, dedicated to the noble Society of College Youths. An extract from the opening paragraph reads "for within these Fifty or Sixty Years last past, changes were not known, or thought possible to be rang." With the discovery of the science of change ringing men from all walks of life joined ringing bands, among which there was keen competition. New composers appeared and today in a book entitled ***Standard Methods*** there are diagrams of twenty-five different methods by which a peal may be rung. On seven bells there are 5,040 possible changes. To score a peal every change must be rung, and no change can be rung twice. The first recorded peal took place in 1715 and required three hours and eighteen minutes of steady ringing. On eight bells there are 40,320 possible changes and in 1767 two energetic bands joined forces and rang all the changes in twenty-seven hours. This peal on eight bells still holds the record in length of time and the number of changes, but single bands are continuously attempting new

record breakers. On the twelve heavy bells of Southwark Cathedral 12,675 changes have been successfully rung and the longest peal of 23,363 changes of Stedman Caters on ten bells took twelve hours and twenty-five minutes.

The Grandsire method is one of the easier methods and I concentrated on learning the path of the different bells. The following, in which the treble goes from the lead to seventh place and back again is called "a lead," and shows the pattern of Grandsire Triples.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
2 1 3 5 4 7 6 8
2 3 1 4 5 6 7 8
3 2 4 1 6 5 7 8
3 4 2 6 1 7 5 8
4 3 6 2 7 1 5 8
4 6 3 7 2 5 1 8
6 4 7 3 5 2 1 8
6 7 4 5 3 1 2 8
7 6 5 4 1 3 2 8
7 5 6 1 4 2 3 8
5 7 1 6 2 4 3 8
5 1 7 2 6 3 4 8
1 5 2 7 3 6 4 8
1 2 5 3 7 4 6 8
2 1 5 7 3 6 4 8
2 5 1 3 7 4 6 8

It is seen at first glance that the ringer of the tenor has an easy time. He always rings last as his bell is just a "covering" bell. The next easy bell, the treble, rings in regular progression, second, third, etc., strikes twice in seventh place and then goes back to the lead. No. 2 is likewise a plain course bell during this "lead." All the bells follow a plain course till the treble leaves the lead, when the bell in third place strikes third again and returns to the lead and the other bells "dodge," that is, take one step backwards in their paths. Following these simple rules the bells will come into rounds at the end of seventy changes. A conductor with his marvelous skill will call either "Bob" or "Single" at a certain lead, then more complicated rules come into action and new sets of changes are started, till finally the bells come round after ringing all the changes.

Arrival in England

On reaching London my father and I settled in at Brook's Private Hotel, Surrey Street, Strand. It was small and of the variety where you

are charged five shillings for breakfast and apartment and sixpence for a sponge bath, hot or cold. The breakfast, served at one large table, was a hearty meal of bacon, eggs and fried sole. Afterwards the guests, almost entirely English, retired to the drawing room and chatted. We made good friends with Mr. Barnes, an interesting man from Australia, and a bearded Boer General. My father lost no time in notifying his ringing friends that his young, hopeful daughter was in London and all set to learn to ring. The first belfry we climbed was in the Tower of St. Matthews, Bethnal Green, in the Whitechapel region, famous for its crooks and poverty. Much out of breath after climbing the circular stone stairs leading up to the ringing chamber, I was introduced to the ringers, who had already gathered. Matthew Wood, a well-known ringer of over sixty, was the conductor. He asked me if I would like to have a go at the bells and which bell I preferred. I spoke for the third and then set to work to raise her. I knew that was the best way to get the feel of a bell and to learn the exact place to grasp the tufting. After four or five minutes of hard pulling my bell was raised and set, but the rope was too long. I was so much taller than the average ringer that I nearly always had to have the rope shortened. This was quite necessary as otherwise the tail of the rope flapped in my face.

Ringing is exercise and the day was warm. Before starting each ringer removed his coat and dickey and rolled up his sleeves. All I could do was roll up my sleeves and hope my shirt tails would not rise above my skirt band. After the bells were set, each ringer rose on his toes, reached high up on the tufting and pulled slightly on the rope. The conductor shouted "Here goes Grandsire." The treble ringer shouted "She's going, gone." We all pulled off our bells at what we judged to be the correct interval to produce an even scale.

In contrast to our ringing at the Church of the Advent in Boston these bells rang with perfect precision. Mine was the only bell out of place and I soon corrected that. When the conductor judged the bells were running smoothly, there came the exciting moment when he shouted, "Go," and we started the changes. For a while I kept my place, but my experience in change ringing was almost zero. The bells rang in very rapid succession, all seven striking in one revolution of the tenor. It was difficult to pick out the bell I should follow as my rope sight was poor. There were times too, in the excitement, when I lost control of my bell and it rang sooner than I intended. To the other ringers this plain course of Grandsire Triples was child's play. On my part it took every bit of concentration and every muscle I possessed. The ringers all kept an eye on me and tried to help me. Suddenly the ringer of Number Five took one hand

recklessly off the rope and beckoned to me. How was I to know that this was his way of telling me that he and I were dodging? The would-be helpful coaching, shouting at me in cockney bell-ringing vernacular drowned by the noise of the bells, was completely unintelligible to me. How was I to know that "Let her go" meant not to pull so hard and "Let her go up" meant to pull harder. Fortunately a less excitable ringer stood behind me and his directions really helped. It is a breach of etiquette to stop ringing till the conductor gives the command. I simply could not say, "I am lost, let's start again." At last he called "Stand" and without the least difficulty all bells were set except mine, Number Three. We tried again and again. Each time we got a little further before the conductor called "Stand." After a while Mr. Wood said to me in his most polite cockney, "I 'ope you don't moind if I swear at you, Miss, but I eye'nt used to ringing with a loidy." By that time no amount of swearing could have deterred me from ringing.

We came home hot and tired but my father was pleased with my performance and I was determined to master the art of change ringing. Invitations to ring were received, and daily Papa and I would start off by train or bus to some remote church on the outskirts of London. As my ringing improved I was asked to join the Middlessex County Association, the Royal Cumberland Youths (1747), and the Ancient Society of College Youths (1637), all of which I accepted. Each society has at least one practice night a week and I never lacked an opportunity for daily practice and twice on Sundays. At St. Mary's Abbots, Kensington, I rang my first quarter peal of 1,260 changes in three quarters of an hour. The ringing was nearly upset by the entrance of two ladies in the tower. They waited quietly till we were through, then introduced themselves. One was Lady Burford Hancock and the other a girl my age named Mabel Gilbanks. Her father was the rector of a church in Stourbridge and she herself was one of the bell ringers. She was very cordial and asked us to surely look her up in Stourbridge, which we did later. Mabel Gilbanks was the only lady ringer I saw all the six weeks I was in England. My muscles improved with daily practice but once in a while I had to cancel a ringing engagement on account of blisters. As the ringers were all working men we only met for ringing in the late afternoon and evening. That left the mornings free so I took lessons in electricity at the London Polytechnic. Mr. Frisell, my teacher, never pronounced an H where it should be and invariably put it in where it didn't belong—all of which kept me interested in every syllable uttered.

Our search for meals was time consuming and unsatisfactory until we found Hermelin's on the Strand, a French restaurant where a delicious lunch

Figure 10. The successful ringers, August 21, 1902: Mr. George N. Price, Mr. Herman, Mr. Challis F. Winney and Miss Margaret H. Nichols. Dr. Arthur H. Nichols, umpire, right rear.

was served, always ending with creamy ice cream, a pleasing contrast to the inevitable boiled dinner which made no concession to hot weather. Sundays were almost fast days, as none of our local restaurants were open.

Mr. Challis F. Winney, a worker at the Broadwood Piano Company and an outstanding member of the College Youths, took me under his special tutelage and coached me day after day on tower bells, switching me from one bell to another to force me to learn the principle of the method and not to learn by heart the work of any special bell. When the practice hour at the church was over we sometimes went to a nearby public house where the men quenched their thirst in a smoke-filled bar room. Then we retired to a small upstairs room and set to work for another hour's practice on handbells.

Our Feat with Handbells

One Sunday afternoon we met at Mr. Winney's home in Fulham to try for a peal on handbells. I chose the easiest bells, 7 and 8, and in two and one half hours we scored a peal of Grandsire Triples with excellent striking. Mr. Winney's mother and sister served me a hearty tea with ham and bread and butter after which Mr. Winney suggested we try a peal of Stedman. We all accepted with alacrity and tapped off a second peal in another two and a half hours, after which my father, who had sat silently umpiring both peals, said "Please don't suggest any more ringing tonight." For once he had reached the limit of his power of enjoyment. The ringing of two handbell peals in a day was considered a feat and Mr. Hughes, the owner of the handbells on which we had performed, very generously presented me with the bells, a set of ten with an exceptionally fine tone. Finding my progress in ringing was satisfactory, my father relaxed enough to allow us to see a few friends. We went to visit Lady Scott at St. Albans. Her daughter Lilian had visited us in Boston. At St. Albans I took part in a quarter peal rung at St. Peters Church. The coronation ceremony for King Edward VII was scheduled for August 9, and Papa decided that was a good day to get out of London and avoid the crowds, so I missed the fun of watching the Coronation procession. We only saw the empty chairs everywhere and littered streets on our return.

Tennis at Queens Club

Hopefully I had brought with me my tennis racket and reading in the papers of an open tournament to be held at Queens Club, I boldly entered.

Escorted by my father I went to the Club on the Saturday on which the tournament was to begin. There was no sign of my opponent, who was to be a Miss Thompson. Finally someone in authority said "Of course of a weekend it was not to be expected that Miss Thompson would turn up." This was a surprise to me as in running Longwood tournaments we always required every contestant to play at least one match the opening day. The sight of all the well-kept courts made me keen to play, so my informant suggested I might hire a "prof," another new idea for me. I did enjoy a good half hour of tennis. Monday we returned to the court at three, when I was again told Miss Thompson had not turned up and moreover that she would not want to play till after tea. I sat around getting hungrier and hungrier but not taking tea because I didn't want to play a match right after eating. It was about six before we finally started our match. Miss Thompson wore a high stiff collar, a sailor hat pinned on top of her head, and never even turned back a cuff of her long sleeves. She served underhand and used almost entirely an underhand stroke. But her returns were low, deep, and swift and she never missed. If my net work had been accurate I felt I might have done well but I was out of practice and inaccurate in my smashes, with the result that I was defeated in two straight sets. Miss Thompson was very cordial, and said she would like to play me at a later date. This roused my hopes but no more tennis materialized.

The Lady Burglar

The day we went to St. Albans my hotel room was entered and clothing and jewelry stolen. A few days later Mr. Barnes, the Australian, announced he had seen the lady burglar riding on top of a bus. "How did you know it was she?" I asked. "She was wearing your blue silk blouse," was the reply. "What did you do about it?" "Nothing," he said. "I have seen too many lawbreakers exiled to Australia for some slight crime to take any steps to have anyone arrested." However, she tried stealing again, was caught and sent to Newgate Prison. Papa and I were summoned to identify the loot. I was glad of the chance to visit that historic prison and I did find my gold pin.

Triumph with the College Youths

When I was considered sufficiently proficient in change ringing, arrangements were made for me to try for my first peal with the College Youths. We met at six o'clock at St. Mary's Acton and by 6:15 the bells

were going well and we started to ring a peal of Grandsire Triples. All went well for about two hours. Then a little excitement occurred and the conductor called "Stand." He had discovered that two bells had exchanged places, and presumably anxiety about my bell had caused the mix-up. Heated argument followed, as is customary, and each ringer was positive the fault was not his. Gloom prevailed and we all went home after arranging to meet again at the same tower the following week. A few days later I tried again for a peal with the Middlesex Association at the Church of St. Matthews, Upper Clopton. My father as usual sat on a bench in the tower and the next day he wrote home the following account of that memorable evening.

> "At 6:20 P.M., the ringers having got together, the bells were raised and ringers assigned to their posts by Mr. Brighton, who was to act as conductor. To Margaret was given the Third Bell. The ringers of the two trebles, Pratt and Eden, struck me as very young but I was told the former had rung in more than sixty successful peals of the method about to be tried, while the second was a skilled conductor. As the only privileged spectator in the tower, I held the watch while the tower doors were securely bolted to keep out any intrusive stragglers. Of course Margaret was a very uncertain quantity and was sure to be a constant source of anxiety to the others, who had never seen a woman ring and were naturally doubtful as to her powers of endurance and her capacity for retaining a level head and acting promptly in the emergencies sure to arise. And her position, an inexperienced beginner among performers of the highest repute, all strangers to her, was embarrassing, for the slightest fumble or hesitation would be instantly noted and the loud call necessary to set her aright might disconcert her and lead to hopeless confusion. One of the brothers Pye, was put therefore on her left at number four to pilot her through the difficult places. The chances of success were further lessened by the fact that the method to be rung, Stedman, was the one in which she was least proficient. The start off was far from reassuring, and two successive attempts ended within a few moments in a hopeless tangle, which led the conductor to suggest after the bells had been stopped, 'Perhaps, Miss, you would prefer to try "Grandsire" (a less intricate method).' Margaret, not disposed to give in, appealed for one more trial, a request which amused and pleased the men, and accordingly at 6:29 the leader having shouted 'Go it again,' the bells swung off into changes, and the compass

being gradually gauged and improved the striking soon became perfect, while the sequence of changes with increased interval after each sixteenth stroke became as regular as the notes of a music box. Margaret's good striking imparted an air of confidence to the men who no longer thought it necessary to watch her movements while she settled down into steady, quiet work, nothing being heard but the even music of the belfry, the rise and fall of the ropes, and the occasional bob-call of the conductor. Thus things ran smoothly along with only an occasional error of interval or in one instance the omitting of a bob-call, instantly observed and corrected by some of the men who, as well as the conductor, kept count of the course ends, when, all at once, the ringer Number Two, who was apparently engrossed in Margaret's work with the friendly notion of easing her dodging, failed to grasp his tufting at handstroke, his bell having cast the rope, and his bell thus unchecked at a critical moment, rolled over, rebounded against the stop stay and going wild caused the greatest confusion and dismay, for the peal was now within three fourths of an hour of its completion. Great excitement at once ensued among the men, for this vexatious accident seemed irremediable and with any ordinary band extrication from this maze would have been out of the question. Not so easily baffled, however, were these old ringers. Holding up their bells while the delinquent ringer, springing for his rope, brought his bell to its proper position and indicated that he was all right for the next change, the shouting of the ringers heard above the clashing of the bells signified to each one just what was to be done in this emergency. Meanwhile Margaret kept a level head and maintained her count, and to my surprise and relief on the following change the correct sequence was resumed and for the remaining three-quarters of an hour the ringing was most excellent.

"At 9:20 P.M. the bells came back to opening change, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, which marked the five thousand forty changes of the complete peal accomplished in three hours less one minute. The conductor shouted 'That's all. Stand!' and the bells were raised to the balance and thus brought to rest.

"Margaret now became the recipient of congratulations on the part of the men who, being of phlegmatic temperament, are usually quite reticent. 'Admirably done' cried the ringer of the tenor, to whom the bunching of the bells at the time of the trouble had brought very hard work, causing him to labor at his rope for a

considerable time. And each of the men, some in rather an unpolished way, had something agreeable to say in appreciation of Margaret's efforts. Before parting an appointment was made to afford her an evening's practice on handbells when there will be another attempt at a peal.

"Margaret came out of this prolonged effort in better condition than I supposed possible. She was certainly overheated for the ringing chamber was imperfectly ventilated and the night was close; her hands had developed eight large blisters from steady contact with the rope, while her back muscles were so stiff that at first she could hardly bend to sit down. A successful issue of the affair served, however, to minimize the discomfort and by the time we reached the hotel, having returned by steam train and omnibus, she was clamoring for something to eat, having taken no nourishment whatever since the lunch hour."

Other Sucesses

Our second attempt for a peal of Grandsire Triples at Acton was a success, as was a third peal at the Church of St. Magnus, London Bridge. In that tower a peal board was later set up recording the names of the ringers, the umpire and the time in which the peal was rung and the customary items. I wonder if the Tower survived the blitz. I also rang a third peal on handbells with the Middlessex Youths, after several unsuccessful attempts. As far as I have ever been able to discover I have the honor of being the first citizen of the United States to ring any kind of a peal, and I just missed being the first woman.

Nowadays a woman ringing in the belfry is an ordinay sight and peals have been rung consisting of women only. Ohe young prodigy, Jill Poole, rang a peal of Grandsire Caters taking nearly four hours when she was only thirteen years old.

In the "Bell News" of August 23, 1902, are recorded four peals which I rang in four days: Stedman Triples at the Church of St. Matthew, Upper Clopton; Grandsire Triples at the Church of St. Mary, Acton; and the two peals, one in each method on handbells, at the house of Mr. Challis F. Winney, Harbledown Road, Fulham.

Also in the column Notes on Peals, in reference to the handbell peals, the "Bell News" says, "It is worthy of note that Miss Nichols is the first lady ringer to score a peal of Stedman Triples double-handed." Another paragraph says, "The Peal at Upper Clopton—This, the first peal of Miss Margaret H. Nichols of Boston, U.S.A. after a comparativly brief study of

the method, is almost unique in the annals of the Exercise. It is not often that a peal of Stedman Triples is rung as a first peal in any circumstances, but when a young lady comes triumphantly through the ordeal, it speaks volumes for her ability, and stamps her as no ordinary ringer. The peal was rung practically without a hitch, save for the slipping wheel of the rope of the Second Bell. There is something poetical in the fact that a daughter of the land of the Stars and Stripes has, in the heart of the Empire of Great Britain, taken part in a peal upon church bells which has been rung to celebrate the coronation of our King."

The United States Peal

There have been no peals rung by Americans in the United States. The record shows just one peal and that rung entirely by nine Englishmen. In 1844, while P. T. Barnum was touring England with General Tom Thumb, the Lancashire Bell Ringers were at the height of their popularity in the United Kingdom. Barnum immediately offered to bring them to the United States, if they would agree to certain startling conditions. They were to change their name to Swiss Bell Ringers, allow their mustaches to grow and dress in Swiss costumes. They protested that they spoke only English. Barnum assured them that if they kept their Lancashire dialect unspoiled by purer accents, the American people would never know they were not talking "Swiss."

The Swiss Bell Ringers were very much liked in America. When they reached Philadelphia they found that in the Tower of Christ Church was hung a ring of eight English bells. They sought and obtained permission to try for a peal. Barnum did not fail to publicize this somewhat unexpected and extraneous performance. After the three hours' ringing the bells came home and the ringers descended from the tower to be carried away on the shoulders of the populace. One of the ringers later wrote about this event in the "Bell News." He denied reports that some of the ringers were Americans and explained the mystery of the ninth ringer whose name is on the tablet in the Tower. One of the ringers had only one leg, and after standing on one leg for two hours he became overtired and another ringer took his place.

XIV

Ringing in Boston

After our return from a concentrated six weeks of ringing in and around London I resumed my normal life of tennis and carpentry, while my father worked with added zeal for the propagation of English tower bell ringing in Boston. For a while he was amazingly successful.

As a memorial, bells have a strong appeal and Papa was frequently consulted by prospective donors. At that time bells cast in England were undoubtedly better than bells cast in the U.S.A. and even with the added expense of duty and transportation English bells were no more expensive. At Groton School a memorial peal of eight English bells were installed in the tower of the beautiful new Gothic Chapel. A ringer, who was also a gardener, came from England to teach the art of bell ringing and take care of the school grounds. Taught and inspired by him, Mr. S. Warren Sturgis, one of the Masters, became an enthusiastic ringer. Together year after year they taught the boys, who rang simple changes for Sunday services. Occasionally Papa and I went to Groton and I rang with the boys. We had Sunday dinner with the school and coffee in Dr. Peabody's drawing room afterwards. These were very pleasant occasions and I enjoyed the excellent dinner in the huge, noisy dining hall.

When Mr. Sturgis' daughter Susan married Robert L. Goodale from Boston and Ipswich, I was asked to be one of the ringers at the wedding. The traditional ringing for a wedding celebration is to ring rounds for a certain number of minutes and then to fire the bells the number of times equal to the age of the bride. Firing consists of ringing all the bells in unison and produces a most terrific noise which can in no way be called music. The firing takes place just as the guests are leaving the church and arouses more consternation than enjoyment.

The Rev. Louis C. Cornish raised enough money for a Memorial Tower in Hingham, Massachusetts, in which ten English bells were hung. This tall structure of reinforced brick, situated on a hill near the Old Ship Church, offered an ideal location for bells. But I never enjoyed ringing them. The ringing chamber was dark and crowded, the ceiling was too high, and the ropes had a tendency to wobble as they rose and fell. But worst of all the brick wall was thinner than the thick walls of English towers and when one was sitting with one's back to the wall it wove back and forth alarmingly with the horizontal thrust of the tons of swinging

metal. Though I was assured that swaying of a reinforced wall betokened strength rather than weakness, I always encouraged my children to listen at a safe distance from the tower.

Mrs. Andrew C. Wheelwright consulted my father about giving a peal of bells in memory of her husband. About that time the new Boston Custom House Tower was being designed by the well known Boston architect, Robert E. Peabody. What could be a better location for a peal of bells than high aloft in this sky-scraping tower overlooking Boston Harbor? Homecoming ships could be welcomed by the joyous music of bells across the water. Civic holidays could be celebrated and for the death of persons in high position the bells could be rung muffled or half muffled as was the English custom. Mrs. Wheelwright was delighted with the idea and so were the architects and the City of Boston. My father, generally very close-mouthed (especially to reporters), felt so sure that all obstacles had been surmounted that he told a reporter a peal of English bells was to be installed in the Custom House Tower. American foundries heard of this and decided to fight. Hearings were held in Washington, which my father attended. He showed how these bells must of necessity be imported because no American firm could cast bells which can be swung and controlled as are the English bells. As might have been expected, the committee decided against allowing the English bells in the Custom House Tower. In the meanwhile, this attitude of looking the gift horse in the mouth did not sit well with Mrs. Wheelwright and she withdrew the offer. Fortunately R. Clipston Sturgis was designing a high tower for the main building of the Perkins Institute for the Blind which was to be erected on the bank of the Charles River at Watertown. Here the offer of a set of English bells was welcomed. The tower was designed with added strength and an opening was left in the center up which the bells could be hoisted.

About the same time President MacLaughlin consulted my father about a set of bells for the University of Chicago. Of course father recommended English bells and thought ringers could be found. When after many delays the Whitechapel bells were finally installed and ready for the opening ceremony, my father and I were invited to attend. That was one of the times when the care of the children kept me at home and my father did not want to go alone.

Through the "Ringing World" published in London, ringers heard of the opportunities for ringing around Boston and Chicago and every week my father received long letters from skilled workmen in England who wished to emigrate to a spot where they could earn a better livelihood and continue the practice of their beloved hobby. Many came. As they were much liked by their employers, positions were easily found for these

The first Christmas Eve window lighting on Beacon Hill was in 1893, when a solitary candle gleamed at 9 West Cedar Street. In 1908, the custom was organized. Residents were asked to put lighted candles in their front windows between seven and ten o'clock.

Figure 11. (Courtesy of the First National Bank of Boston)

Englishmen. The majority, however, hesitated to leave England when they learned that by our immigration laws, entrance into the United States at that time was forbidden if the foreigner had the firm promise of a job.

The Boston Guild

However, we had plenty of ringers for our Boston Guild and we met fairly regularly, either at a tower or in our home at 55 Mt. Vernon Street. My father, always anxious for an opportunity to ring at a tower, was ingenious in thinking up special occasions when ringing would be appropriate. For the 19th of April we generally added to the celebration in the North End, where our ringing was much appreciated. We also rang at that historic church at the time Eleanor Wilson, daughter of the President, was married to Francis B. Sayre. On two successive Fourths of July our band tried for a peal at the Old North. The first time the three hours of ringing was almost completed when the conductor discovered two bells had changed places and the bells were not coming home as they should. I was not present at either attempt.

During the war of 1914, in an effort to raise money for the French refugees, I gave my first talk on Scientific Change Ringing at the house of Dr. Joseph Goodale on Beacon Street. My father helped me write my short speech and to illustrate change ringing three English members of our guild rang with me a light touch of Grandsire Triples. It was all new to our audience and they were plainly pleased. Arthur Shurtleff took a very passive attitude towards ringing until early in the morning of November 11, 1918. A loud whistle awakened us and we realized we had heard the long awaited signal that the war was over. We hastily dressed ourselves and some of the children, and grabbed our heaviest bells. We paraded up and down the streets and across the Common, and all the way Arthur rang his bell as loud as he could. Sleepy heads popped out of bedroom windows as we shouted, "The War is over!"

Candle Lighting Begins

Beacon Hill is said to be the first locality in the United States to celebrate Christmas by illuminating windows on Christmas Eve. According to the records of the First National Bank of Boston (see their illustration) Arthur's younger brother Alfred actually originated the practice by placing a burning candle in the fourth floor window of the Shurtleff home at 9 West Cedar Street in 1893. By 1908 the custom had spread. Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Adams Cram started the carol singing by gathering groups of children at their home to practice for Christmas Eve. Mrs. Hollis French and Dr. Richard C. Cabot soon organized bands of really excellent singers.

Chrismas Eve on Beacon Hill around 1930 was really at its best. On the ground floor, curtains in all the houses were drawn aside and each window was decorated with special care. A Madonna, perhaps a small bas-relief, or a decorative fruit arrangement, were illuminated by a pair of handsome brass candlesticks. The little back alleys were just as much fun to visit as Mt. Vernon and West Cedar Streets. My father's house, which faced down Mt. Vernon Street, had at least one candle in each window on the street itself, and on the front facing down the hill. The large square Sears house opposite ours was a special attraction, with its display of one hundred and ten candles in its fifteen windows, including the lookout on top of the house. No doubt the custom created a fire hazard, but individual charm beamed out of every window. Singing bands wandered around in a haphazard manner and the crowds were anxious not to miss a window or a chorus. The simplicity and beauty of the surroundings inspired a new kind of Christmas spirit. It was natural that the papers brought publicity to this Christmas custom and to the fact that many families held open house Christmas Eve.

Ringing the Carols

By 1924 our children were able to ring (the youngest was then nine) and on Christmas Eve we started our carol ringing standing in the front yard of 55 Mt. Vernon Street. Our success surprised us. The crowd grew and grew and applauded as loudly as they could, their hands muffled by woolen gloves. We only knew about six tunes so we rang those twice and moved on to another doorway. The crowd followed us and others joined the throng. Flashlights blinded us as cameras were snapped. We tried to get the audience to sing with us, but this did not work well as their idea of time and ours were apt to be quite different. As we switched from one tune to another, occasionally someone would hesitate as to which bell to ring. Any one of us would then point or glare at the right bell and the tune would continue. The bewildered look of a lost ringer was always a source of amusement to the audience. Fortunately we did not take ourselves too seriously. We kept up the ringing for at least two hours, by which time we were so congealed we returned to someone's open house.

My father died in 1924 and left me his set of eight handbells, heavier than mine. I sent them to the Whitechapel Foundry and ordered twenty-one bells to augment the eight. This gave me twenty-nine bells, comprising two and a half octaves with all the accidentals, greatly increasing the scope of our repertory. Still so many of our children wanted to form a band that we needed more bells. So I sent my set of ten to London and had a

few accidentals added. Alice's group of eleven and twelve year-old ringers was excellent and very popular. We were asked to ring at settlement houses, sometimes as a part of the Christmas play and sometimes to lead the audience in singing. The Italian children at the North Bennet Street School always put on a very colorful performance. Inspired by our two and a half octaves we tried more complicated ringing and arranged "Drink To Me Only" and "Old Black Joe" with harmony. The music, in five parts, as first written by enthusiastic children, bore little resemblance to accepted musical script. As each person held only two bells, the staff consisted of two lines, no signature. The notes were circles without stems; the rests casually indicated by a wiggly line. But the measures were marked off and carefully numbered. We could interpret these primitive symbols easily ourselves, but any musical guest was at a distinct disadvantage when ringing with us. As we received more ringing engagements we tried to improve our repertory. "Integer Vitae" was added and sounded very well on bells. Then we wrote to Mr. William Gorham Rice, the great expert on the carillons of Belgium, and asked if we might borrow some real carillon music. From this source we adapted for our use "Thema met Variations" by Gustaf Nees, a famous Belgium composer.

Special Engagements

On one very formal occasion we rang for the Massachusetts Society of the National Colonial Dames of America, in the Fogg Museum in Cambridge. The band consisted of Barbara Bassett, Ellen Osgood, my daughters Elizabeth and Alice, and myself. We were all nervous, partly because of the high intelligence of the ancestors of our audience and partly on account of the general gloom of the high studded hall in which the meeting was held. It was at the time when Harvard University was celebrating its Tercentenary and in England the ringers were celebrating three hundred years of change ringing. Harvard University opened its Tercentenary celebration by broadcasting change ringing from London. This gave a good opening for an explanation of change ringing and its development in Boston. We were able to ring a light touch of Grandsire, enough to demonstrate how it sounded. Then we rang a few carols and finally more complicated tunes in harmony. The bells sounded unusually clear in the stone enclosed hall and the audience was evidently delighted.

Another high spot for us was when we were guests of the Rotary Club at one of their huge luncheons held in the ball room of the Hotel Statler. William Rogers Greeley was then President of the club and I tried to carry on an intelligent conversation with him against a roar of five hundred Rotarians. We rang well known Christmas carols once

through with bells alone, and then all joined in singing.

Spontaneous Musical Groups

As the children went off to college it was difficult to arrange satisfactory practice for Christmas Eve ringing. William, arriving at the last minute, always wanted to introduce new tunes and complicated harmonies. Our only real rehearsal began before supper on Christmas Eve. All the band took supper with us. About half past seven we stepped out on our front door step for a final practice and by ten in the evening we were ringing with perfect precision and always knew which bells to hold, and the opening bell for each tune. Many times we were broadcast outdoors and sometimes indoors. This was always very time-consuming and we really preferred just ringing to the enthusiastic crowds. The police kept all automobiles off the streets till ten o'clock. Many a group with musical ambition made the most of this opportunity to give the public a sample of their proficiency. Newsboys performed on harmonicas, a quartet of trumpeters tooted carols, and many choruses of mixed voices came from different parts of the city.

One year, after hearing our carol ringing, Mr. Delcevar King, President of the Granite Trust Company in Quincy, Massachusetts, asked me what steps to take to start a band of bell ringers. He immediately ordered a large set of bells from the Whitechapel Foundry and the next Christmas Eve, costumed in bright red, the Quincy Ringers circled the hill. A few days before Christmas, reporters from various newspapers always called up to inquire what groups of singers and ringers were going to be on hand for Christmas Eve, and when and where. Strange to say there never has been any person or group of persons in charge of the Christmas Eve celebration.

Probably because of the advance publicity, people turned up from all over the United States and even Canada, and a rowdy element took possession of the streets late in the evening. The quiet atmosphere of peace and goodwill was transformed into the riotous rollicking in which one finds oneself after a football game. (Crashing a succession of open houses may have been conducive to unseemly high spirits.) This rowdyism was stopped by issuing cards of admission and by posting police officers just inside front doors. Of late years, too, splurgy electric bulbs in gaudy colors have replaced candle flame, diminishing the charm of the illuminations. Each year less pains are taken with the decorations of the windows. Louisburg Square is still well lit up and the center of attraction. One year during World War II, what with blackout regulations, no windows were lighted and we did not ring. Otherwise in rain and

snow and bitter cold we have roamed the streets every Christmas Eve since we began the custom in 1924.

Many persons have written me from different points in the United States to inquire where to obtain bells and how to start a band. My part in the development of these groups is very slight. Once they have received their bells from London I show them how to ring a bell and that is all. A musical person, especially a choir conductor, can arrange music and lead a band better than I can. If change ringing is attempted, then I can help.

In January 1938 Leland Arnold, the organist of a church in Newton and a complete stranger to me, called up to say how much he had enjoyed the carol ringing Christmas Eve and was there any chance he might ring with us. At that time Roger Walker, a graduate from the Perkins Institute for the Blind, had made the same request. He had climbed the tower of the Perkins Institute many times while ringing was in progress and had even aspired to ring a tower bell. Since leaving Perkins he had become a successful piano tuner and also a carillonneur. Mr. Walker brought Irving Daniels to our house and Mr. Arnold came with Mrs. Sircom, a member of his choir, and we had a good evening's practice. It would have been better if our music had been more conventionally scored. In a few weeks Mr. Arnold discovered a fresh supply of tunes and wrote the score in five new books. Not only that, Mr. Arnold became our conductor and knew how to train us and keep us up to the mark. The band was equally interested in change ringing and regular weekly practice was established. Before long we were receiving requests for performances. We generally accepted, sometimes charging a small fee and many times asking nothing.

The Yale Celebration

Later in 1938, to our great surprise, I received a letter from Prof. Hemingway of Yale University asking us to ring at the annual celebration dinner at Berkeley College. We accepted and settled down to serious rehearsals. Our band was fairly new and we were not too sure of ourselves. For this occasion we learned "Boola Boola." The train ride to New Haven went quickly as we practiced change ringing all the way, muffling the bells with our thumbs. A car met us at the station and deposited us at the imposing stone portal of Berkeley House. Here we stepped into another world. It was as though we had been transported into an English Jacobean Hall just completed: stone hallways, unworn by the passing of many feet, wide oaken stairways with woodwork freshly stained but without the patina of years of constant polish. Mildred

Sircom and I, in a semi-congealed state, entered our spacious suite and donned evening gowns. It was our first appearance as a group at a formal party and one of our members had no choice but to hire a dress suit. The men attended one dinner and the ladies, about thirty I should say, had buffet suppers in several of the living rooms. After our repast, which I was in no mood to appreciate, we all adjourned to the huge student dining hall, already packed with undergraduates and many guests. Among them I recognized many old Boston friends who had married Yale professors.

As we arranged our music I noticed the table was low, the ceiling high and our only light came from the ceiling. I foresaw trouble in reading the music, either with or without the glasses which I was just beginning to use. My introductory talk was brief and was followed by a successful plain course of Grandsire Triples. We rang a few tunes and then made quite a hit with "Boola Boola." When it came to the tunes I remember that for the final note of one tune I rang the wrong bell and felt I had disgraced the band. Afterwards I was somewhat cheered when I was told that at previous entertainments the students had dribbled away very noticeably while at our performance they all stayed to the very end. The next morning Prof. Hemingway showed us over the College grounds and gave us a wonderful time. We were interested to hear the chiming of the Harkness bells, a set of ten cast by the firm of John Taylor, Loughborough, England. My old Mt. Vernon Street friend Mary Hoague Sheafe gave a lunch for me and invited many friends whom I had not seen for a long time.

New Bands

About this time the New Old South Church began to take an active interest in ringing. Mrs. Richard MacLaurin, after hearing our bells, ordered an English set for the Sunday School and the boys took to ringing with very little assistance from me. In fact so many bands were now ringing that Mrs. Norman Erb, the head of social activities, suggested we all get together and ring to each other. The young people of the parish served us a simple supper before our Sunday evening meeting and the tables were all filled. After the tables were cleared away we found we were in a large hall with an excellent stage. About seven bands assembled, each with their own handbells and dressed in costume.

The bands had developed along original lines and rang almost faultlessly. It was a thrilling evening for me. Then and there, in 1936, the New England Guild of Handbell Ringers was organized and I was elected president. The Old South kindly continued letting us have the use of

the hall for our annual meetings. Our bands ring professionally at churches and at men's and women's clubs. They also give their services at hospitals and army camps, some days starting at 8:30 in the morning and finishing with Chapel service in the evening. Ringing at the hospitals was especially rewarding. We could visit the wards of the badly injured and often we would turn the bells over to the patients. Even the shell shocked patients in the restricted wards listened attentively to the bells.

In 1945 Mr. A. A. Hughes, head of Mears and Stainbank, the foundry in Whitechapel, London, visited Boston, bringing Mrs. Annie Hughes with him. I had read in the "Ringing World" of Mrs. Hughes' great ability as a handbell ringer, so I arranged a date for her to ring at the Old South. We called a special meeting of the New England Guild and Mrs. Hughes came with her own set of twenty-five bells. Rosamond Lang Galacar accompanied Mrs. Hughes on the piano. We had a thrilling evening. Mrs. Hughes rang classic music and one piece especially composed for her. She stood the bells up on the table in very careful order. She rang with a quick graceful upsweep, picking out the right bell with swiftness and dexterity that made us all marvel. She was a band in herself and never looked at a note of music. Mr. Hughes gave an interesting talk on existence in London during the blitz, the V1's and V2's. The foundry was hit three times but Mr. and Mrs. Hughes continued to live there and keep up the production of defense supplies.

At one annual meeting ***Life*** magazine sent a photographer who shot off flashbulbs all during our ringing and the next day at our house. It was not till many months later that two pages of ringing photos appeared in ***Life*** of December 15, 1947. The next year the photographer from the Three Lions Inc. snapped similar pictures of ringers and bells. They were produced in the ***New York Herald Tribune*** December 6, 1948, explained with a write-up. The result was a lot of fan mail, mostly from persons wanting to start a ringing group. I laboriously answered all the letters, mentioning Mears and Stainbank as the best place to order bells.

The Beacon Hill Handbell Ringers received a severe blow in the sudden death of Leland Arnold, our conductor. He had not only hunted up and arranged music suitable for the bells but had all the qualities of a musical conductor. After his death we made almost no progress and our band disintegrated. There was a war on, and Roger Walker obtained work in the Bethlehem Steel Company in Hingham. His hours were so long he could not spare an evening for practice. Despite his blindness he invented an improved method of winding bobbings of steel which won him a financial reward.

I made a fresh start and collected a younger group who caught on very quickly. Two of these married and moved away but fresh volunteers have taken their places. Caleb Warner proved a great addition, for he arranged new and very beautiful music for us. He was also an excellent conductor.

Figure 12. Albert A. Hughes and Annie L. Hughes, August 1956, in the yard of their bell foundry, Whitechapel, London.

Figure 13. Festival of the American Guild of English Handbell Ringers, Castle Hill, Ipswich (Zaharis, Photographer).

Figure 14. "Aspet," Summer Home of Augustus Saint Gaudens, photograph of 1894.

Figure 15. Augustus Saint Gaudens in his Cornish studio.

XV

Augustus Saint Gaudens

The Saint Gaudens' lived in New York and when I was about ten years old I visited them in their house in Washington Square. For our first expedition my cousin Homer Saint Gaudens and I were taken to the Statue of Liberty. Later, for some reason, we climbed unaccompanied to the top of the Madison Square Tower. The weathervane, representing Diana with a drawn bow, had recently been completed by Uncle Augustus and was revolving as the wind veered. Homer and I were fascinated by the moving specks on the ground in the park below, looking more like ants than people. We had a rubber ball and we both succumbed to an irresistible desire to throw it into Madison Square and see what effect it had on the world below. The result was most unsatisfactory, for we couldn't see the ground beneath us where the ball landed. We returned home minus a good ball and with very guilty consciences.

There was a strange duplication of names at that time in the Saint Gaudens household: Aunt Gussie (Augusta), Uncle Augustus, generally called Gus, and the long-time maid Augusta, always called by her full name. During my visit I was careful not to anger Homer, out of respect for his justly deserved reputation for butting. Homer's tough skull, blanketed by a thick shock of black hair, was impervious to pain. I can testify to that. His favorite sport was butting. He was no respecter of persons and many of Aunt Gussie's guests were taken unawares when Homer ran toward them and then plunged head first at their susceptible middles. Only complete deflation (and fear of a second onslaught) prevented retaliation.

The Saint Gaudens' in Cornish

It was during the Cornish summers that I saw most of Uncle Augustus. After working several years in Paris he returned to Boston about 1889 to undergo a serious operation, from which he never regained his strength. Afterward he spent more of his time at their place in Cornish, N.H., named "Aspet" after his father's home town in southern France. The square house of brick construction, with two chimneys at each end, was formerly a tavern on the coach road between Windsor and Meriden. The long ballroom on the second floor was partitioned to make two bedrooms, each with an attractive fireplace. Uncle Augustus took a great deal of joy in landscaping the grounds, and was the first to plant rows and rows of

pine hedges. He surrounded the flower garden, the vegetable garden, the clothes yard and the swimming pool with pine hedges, thickened with a few scattered hemlocks. Like many a genius, Uncle Augustus was never satisfied. He was always rearranging his sculpture and he liked to rearrange the hedges. Mr. Sears, a local farmer with a gift for transplanting, did not always see eye to eye with Uncle Augustus when he ordered one of these arbitrary upheavals. Mr. Sears remonstrated that it was only last fall he had carefully planted the hedge by the garden and it was growing well; what sense was there in digging it up again? Uncle Augustus, who had a very gentle, self-derogatory disposition, did not enjoy trying to back up his whims with reason. The only way to handle Mr. Sears, he told me, was to begin by saying, "You know, Mr. Sears, I change my mind so often you must think I am unreasonable; in fact I think I am a little daffy. You will just have to treat me as if I were and never argue with me." After that Uncle Augustus was allowed to have his own way.

Aunt Gussie was of a different fiber from Mr. Sears. Humoring others was not her strong point. Uncle Augustus used the ***fait accompli*** method in handling her. For instance, there was the time when he had a passion for white. And that was not satisfied by just applying paint to fences and porches and outdoor benches. When Aunt Gussie returned from a visit one summer she found the entire brick house a glistening white. During her next absence from home all the mahogany furniture in the bedroom was painted white, including the fourposter canopy top bedstead. After these unanticipated changes Aunt Gussie stuck close to home. When Uncle Augustus decided to make Aspet his permanent home he built a large studio for his assistants, big enough to hold the standing Lincoln at one end and the equestrian statue of General Sherman on a raised platform at the other, and dozens of other lesser projects. In Uncle Augustus' private studio he worked from living models and made original sketches. In the big studio the assistants—Miss Frances Grimes, Miss Ward, James Earl Fraser and Henry Hering—were developing the sketches. Another man was using a pointing machine to make a much enlarged model. In a smaller room still others were making casts, and in an even smaller spot Mrs. Louis Saint Gaudens put the finishing touches on the marble bust.

While the Sherman statue was being modeled a spirited stallion was kept on the place and it was one of the sights to see him being led around the grounds. What especially interested me was the process of applying the gold leaf to the entire Sherman statue. I noticed the gilder constantly stroked with his fine brush the thin fringe of hair that bordered his bald head. "Why do you brush your head?" I inquired. "My hair electrifies the brush and keeps the gold leaf stiff and smooth," he explained. I hoped his

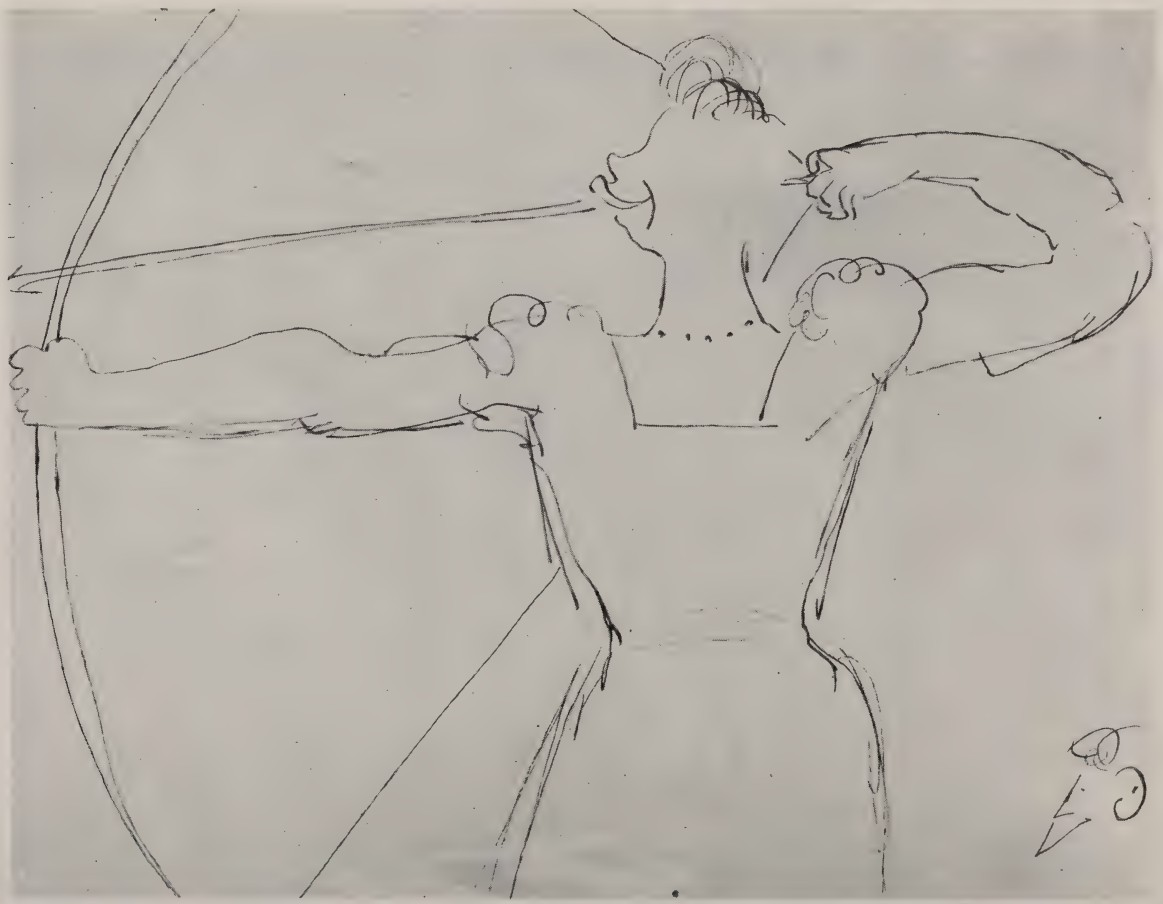

Figure 16. Sketch of Margaret H. Nichols by Augustus Saint Gaudens.

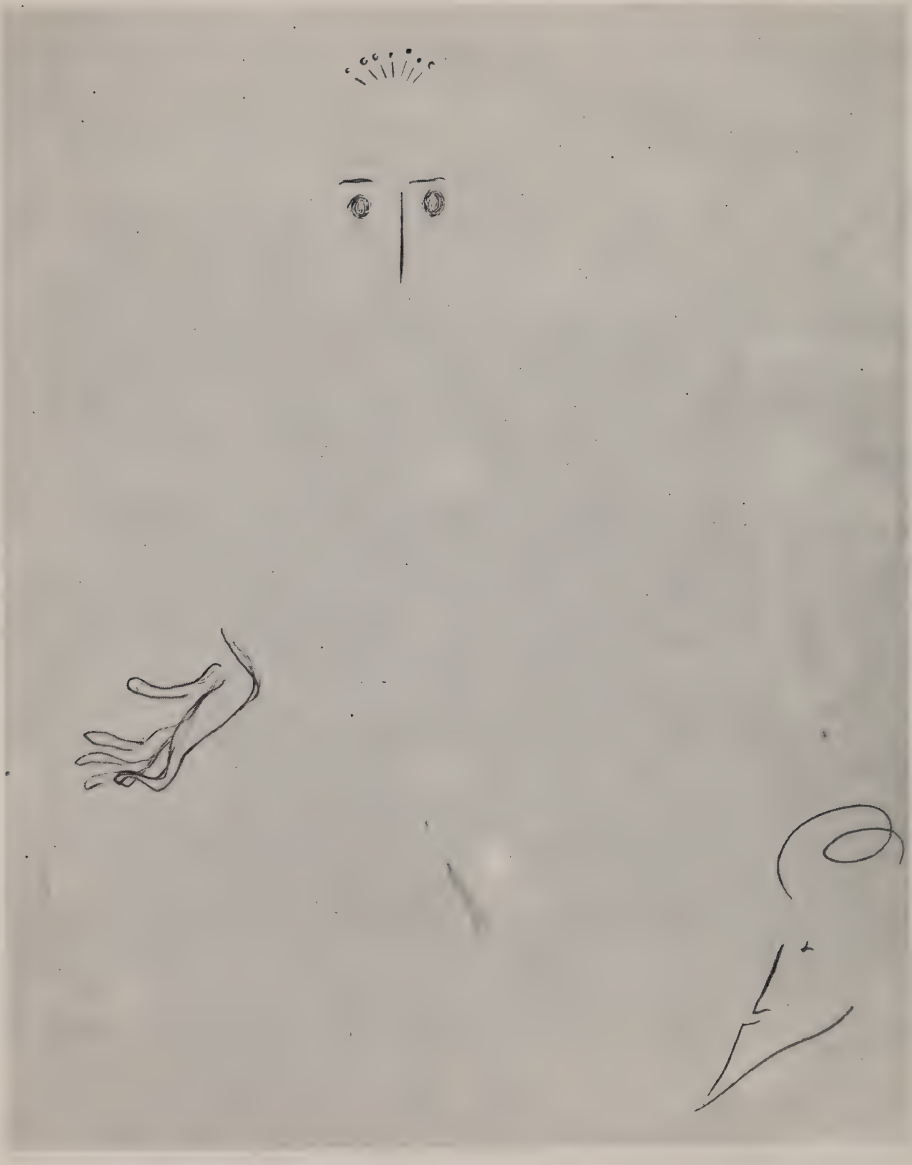

Figure 17. Sketch of Rose S. Nichols by Augustus Saint Gaudens.

remaining hairs would last till the job was done. Finally General Sherman, his horse and the figure of Victory holding the bridle were all gilded; the statue was set up in the field close to a pine forest. This statue, blazing gold in the afternoon sun with the dark green background and blue sky above, was an inspiring sight. For many years my sister Marian was the hard-working secretary of the Women's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts Branch of the Civil Service Reform Association. The Society wanted a medal and it was natural they should turn to Uncle Augustus. For some reason he asked me to pose for photographs to help with the figure of Justice which is on one side of the medal. Miss Grimes draped yards of white cotton cloth over me and took many photographs. I think the arms were all he was interested in.

Uncle Augustus was a hard worker but when he knocked off work he wanted fun of the Hip-Hip-Hoorah type, with everyone joining in. In winter he had a long toboggan slide constructed and when the coast was in good condition, everyone turned out of the studio and onto the toboggans. My sister Rose, who had never before shown any interest in winter sports, became an enthusiastic tobogganer. She got real thrills out of it, and even an upset and a cut lip did not weaken her nerve. Blow-Me-Down Pond offered great skating facilities. Uncle Augustus had the snow cleared and all the studio was ordered down for skating and hockey. No one reveled in these winter sports more than Uncle Augustus, always wearing his muskrat fur hat. Charade parties were the high spots in the evenings. Herbert Adams, Charles Platt, Tom Dewing and Fred Parrish (Maxfield Parrish) were among the star actors. After a few minutes in the dressing room, any one of them appeared completely transformed and produced the most ridiculous scenes with no sense of hurry, each act lasting ten or fifteen minutes. All in that audience, who laughed till they cried, will testify that such heights of stage setting, comic get-up and brillant repartee have never been attained since.

Rose not only planned many parties but daily tried to bring cheer to Uncle Augustus, especially on rainy days when he was sure to feel depressed. He enjoyed music and often on gloomy days Rose ordered me to go to the Saint Gaudens house to play the piano for Uncle Augustus. On days when he did not feel well enough to come downstairs I played away in the empty parlor, encouraged by applause from the bedroom above. One time when Ellen Bellows was making her yearly visit with us we all went to a charade party at the Saint Gaudens'. Ellen took part in one charade and made a great hit by carrying on a monologue at one end of a telephone. Up to that moment Rose had always regarded Ellen as one of my "silly" friends and rather discouraged my inviting her to Cornish. Overnight Rose's opinion

underwent a complete reversal. Before breakfast she was rapping on Ellen's door. Waking Ellen out of a sound sleep she said, "Uncle Augustus has had a bad night. He must be cheered up. Get dressed quickly, Ellen. We will drive right over to see Uncle Augustus and you must amuse him by repeating that funny act you did last night." Half asleep and breakfastless, Ellen was taken up the Saint Gaudens hill, into Uncle Augustus' bedroom, and ordered to be funny. To her everlasting credit she pulled herself together and brought cheer to a very sick man. One day when Uncle Augustus was too sick to work he entertained me by drawing caricatures. He obliged me by signing them with his usual signature, just a quick line representing his profile. In this way he always signed letters to his friends. He liked to watch me shoot a bow, mostly I think because he noticed that the curve of the drawn bow and the lines of the bow-string were quite different from the way he had represented them in his Diana. In the caricature he made of me shooting the arrow, it is needless to explain I wore neither an evening gown nor a necklace, but my sleeves were undoubtedly rolled up. The caricature of Rose was excellent of her at the time, with her black eyes and her tortoise shell comb.

The Anniversary Masque

The summer population of Cornish were so fond of the Saint Gaudens' that on the occasion of their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary a masque was staged in the pine woods above the swimming pool in the brook. Percy Mackay wrote the words and practically everyone in Cornish took part and helped. At the close, Uncle Augustus was drawn in a chariot from the woods to the studio, where a feast was served for all and the honored couple were presented with a golden bowl. Fortunately my husband Arthur and I were able to be present on the memorable day, but only as spectators. Uncle Augustus was so moved by the demonstration of affection that he designed a small metal plaque to be given to all who had taken part in "A Mask of Ours." The altar in the play, the pine trees, the chariot, the bowl, and the full name of each performer are all depicted in a space of about two by four inches. By some fortunate error my name was included. I received the plaque and with it a formal note, signed by Uncle Augustus, just a few days before his death, in 1907.

XVI

The Women's Peace Party

Alice, our sixth child, was born in August 1915. Shortly afterwards we moved back to Boston from Ipswich and I was asked to join a course of lectures to be given by Dr. George Nasmyth on the Problems of Permanant Peace. I hesitated a good deal because I was busy with the six children, at that time all under ten, and also because the lecture came at just the time I generally nursed the baby. However, since the group was to meet nearby at the corner of Mt. Vernon and Walnut Streets, I decided to start the day a half hour earlier than usual and see how I liked the speaker. Dr. Nasmyth proved to be an unusual man, thoroughly informed on his subject, interesting and vital.

A war was raging and, judging from history, the chances were that whichever side won, the peace treaties imposed would be of such a harsh and unreasonable nature that another war would follow. In time of peace, prepare for war. But who in time of war prepares for peace! Dr. Nasmyth made it clear that peaceful international relations were always on the verge of breaking down when national honor or sovereignty was threatened. More incidents could lead to war, or if rightly handled, could be arbitrated. When I came home from that opening talk of Dr. Nasmyth's I had not the slightest doubt but that I should continue the course. To Arthur and me nothing was so precious as our children. Before we had children of our own we did not begin to realize how much of our constant care would be devoted to each baby from the minute of its arrival, what real individuals they soon were to become, and what potentiality each would offer for joy in the years ahead. Yet in this dreadful war other people's children, just as precious, were being sacrificed, and what guarantee was there that any good would come at the end?

Since my greatest contribution to the war was clearly to try to help bring about a just and permanent peace, I accepted an invitation to join a Speakers Class to be given for the Women's Peace Party by Dr. Nasmyth. There we learned to address those in the back of the room; not to lean on the table, and to speak without notes. It is surprising how many speakers neglect these elementary rules. More than that, our speeches required research and study of current events. I remember one time I addressed the class of about twenty, showing them that President Wilson was quite right when he ordered the Marines to land at Vera Cruz in

Mexico. Then, reversing my position, I persuaded them that we had no right to send our troops to invade a city of a friendly nation.

Later on a committee of the League to Enforce Peace asked me and other members of the Woman's Peace Party to be among their speakers. This I was pleased to do, although I found it rather an ordeal to go at night into slummy regions for a meeting of, for instance, the Gas Fitters' Union or the Carpenters' Union. I always tried to persuade a friend to go with me.

Our country was now in the Great War too. My object in speaking was to explain, in a five-minute talk, the importance of the formation of some kind of a League of Nations at the end of the War and to urge my listeners to join the League to Enforce Peace. There were no dues and I generally came home with a good list of new members.

After the end of War I became one of the speakers for the League of Free Nations. To my surprise I found that my previous activities on behalf of peace were not understood by everyone. For example, a warm friend of Arthur's and mine, Mr. J. Randolph Coolidge asked to call on me one day on behalf of the League of Free Nations. He asked me such questions as what was my work during the War? Although I had rolled bandages in the summer, at a kind of social gathering where more talking and eating went on than real work, I did not choose to call that War work, but mentioned my speaker's course. Next he asked me why I had gone to Lawrence, Massachusetts during the strike of textile workers in February, 1919 (see following Chapter) to interview the strikers. In other words, from his point of view I had been an objectionable "pacifist." Soon, after our unpleasant interview, I received a note from him saying my name was being dropped from the speakers' list as my War work had been so unsatisfactory. Several other speakers, so-called pacifists, were also dropped from this list.

The fact that I was a discarded speaker for the League of Free Nations did not worry me half so much as their policy of not using "pacifists" (seemingly persons who had been studying international subjects) and hence not making use of those best fitted to convert their audiences and answer intelligently the searching questions sure to follow. Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead, Prof. Clarence Skinner of Tufts, and various well-known speakers, were all discarded, the speakers themselves not knowing they had been put on the black list. So Rose, who was on one of the Committees, began to stir the pot and Marian too began to call up Mr. Coolidge and ask if there ought not to be a constitution or at least a meeting of charter members to decide on a platform. (Later we learned that in one meeting at which I was discussed, Porter Sargent said: "Well, Mrs. Shurtleff won't

make any fuss but the two Miss Nichols' aren't likely to let this pass unnoticed.") The prophecy was fulfilled. The question of speakers was brought up at a meeting at which President Lowell of Harvard was present. He said the former beliefs one held or societies to which one belonged should make no difference. Anyone who believed in a League should be allowed to speak for the Association and he thought an apology should be sent to me. So when I came back from several days spent in Ipswich with the children, during their vacation, I found a pleasant note from Dr. Nasmyth saying I was again an accredited speaker. The other speakers had been reinstated also, which was more important.

XVII

The League for Democratic Control

Labor Disputes

One of my main interests for about fifteen years was the League for Democratic Control. We held a great many meetings, which we tried to induce the public to attend. We worked in this way: if there was a labor dispute we tried to persuade the leaders of both sides to present their case, publicly. This made interesting debates but was not always easy to arrange. When the members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra wanted to form a Union, I recall, the Trustees were much opposed and many members of the orchestra were fired. We thought this matter should be aired, and therefore hired a hall where the subject might be argued. The orchestra members sent representation, but the President of the Trustees of the Symphony refused to be present or to send a substitute. I happened to be the one to interview the President, but his last remark was, "There is nothing to discuss." Nevertheless with the strikers' side fully represented we had an interesting meeting. In the course of time a Union for all the orchestra members was formed, and the quality of their performances was not ruined thereby.

At another debate the strikers' side was very well represented by their treasurer, a most honest appearing and persuasive young man. It was not until much later we learned he was an undercover agent planted there by the Sherman detective agency. Sometimes when we felt we had gone into the matter thoroughly and that the strikers had a just grievance, a few of us would join in the picket line before seven, or an early hour in the morning, and march two and two with the picketers. We first had to learn the rules regulating picketing—never to stand still or form a group, or talk to the scabs going to work. We felt that our presence had a restraining effect on the police, who were often rougher than was necessary.

In February 1919 the papers were full of a large strike of the workers in the textile mills of Lawrence, Massachusetts. The reports were that outside police had been called in and were beating up strikers. Naturally we members of the League for Democratic Control and others decided to inform ourselves first hand of the situation. One Sunday morning about twenty of us boarded the train for Lawrence. (Among the group were three

ministers, a schoolteacher from Phillips Andover, and a reporter from the ***Boston Herald***, with his wife.) Beside me sat a girl with a strong Irish accent, whose name I don't remember; I will call her Eileen. At Lawrence we were met by a group of the strikers and were given papers to put in our hats, saying "48—54." The strikers were demanding a 48-hour week instead of 54 hours, which did not seem unreasonable. While we were planning our course of action in the station the police entered and told us we could not stay there. We went out on the sidewalk. Again the police ordered us off the sidewalk so we walked across the street to the small park around the Post Office Building. At this moment a squad of mounted police rode into the park swinging their billies, which were at least a foot longer than normal. Eileen and I, sticking together, ran across another street and were attacked by a mounted policeman who swung his billy at me as he said in furious tones, "Get back to Boston where you belong, you dirty, filthy cur of an agitator." As probably no one reading this has ever been thus addressed by an officer of the law, I wish to certify that it makes one's blood boil in a most alarming manner. By this time the thirty police had accomplished their object of scattering us in all directions. It was not till after lunch that Eileen and I could connect with any of our party. Then we found out several of the group had been hounded back to the station and told to take the next train to Boston, which naturally they did ***not*** do. Some had been quite wickedly struck by the policemen, who had ridden up on the sidewalks. Some, like Eileen and me, had survived unhurt. We then visited some of the strikers' crowded tenement homes. In one kitchen, most scrupulously clean, there was the shiniest black stove I have ever seen. Then we attended a strikers' meeting in a large hall. Joseph Salerno, one of the strike leaders, was addressing the packed meeting in Italian. I knew enough Italian to understand this phrase, often repeated: "Piace, sempre piace; a la Polizia la Forza" (Peace, always peace; for the police the force.) I was very well impressed with Salerno. He later came to Boston where his name was much sought after on many committees serving important community needs.

As we started for home I suggested that we all go to see the Lawrence Chief of Police and complain to him of our treatment. I had hopes that he would be apologetic and explain that it was not by his orders we had been so violently attacked. On the contrary he had quite the opposite attitude. "How many of you came from Boston?" "About twenty." "Is that all?" he growled, "We were expecting five hundred." No satisfaction from him. "Now," he said, "You take the next train to Boston, and I will get in my car and see that you all go to the station." At this point the Rev. Mr. Rotzel spoke up and said he was not going to Boston because he had agreed to address

a strike meeting in the evening. This reply infuriated the Chief, which alarmed Mrs. Rotzel. But Mr. Rotzel stayed nonetheless.

The next day the papers were full of the happenings in Lawrence and our names were all listed. It was one of the grievances Mr. J. Randolph Coolidge had against me. Why had I not simply consulted his aunt, who was one of the mill owners, he said. (He did not know I had already been over one of the smaller Lawrence mills with its owner, who had shown me the whole plant. As he did so, the owner talked pleasantly with many of the workers and they seemed friendly with him. He told me he took the pains to know his men.)

Coming home one day from Lawrence, Ime Kaplan, the real strike leader, joined me in the train and told me all his plans for the workers' taking over the running of the mills. I knew this was totally impractical and undesirable.

Feeling I had thoroughly studied the situation of the Lawrence Mills, I boldly went to the downtown Boston headquarters of the Pacific Mills and, as the President was in Europe, I saw a Mr. F. B. I suggested a few changes, such as shortening working hours and providing substitute work when, through over-production or bottle-necks, a group of employees would be laid off for a few weeks. It would be easy to shift them to another process. Mr. F. B. surprised me by saying a lot of younger men in the office had written out a list of changes which they were going to recommend to their President when he returned. As this list included many of my suggestions he let me read it and I found it quite satisfactory. He asked me not to mention having seen it and I complied. He thought the best thing I could do was to drop the whole matter, since he said the President would never give in under pressure of a strike. However, Mr. F. B. agreed to meet the Rev. A. J. Muste, one of those who had gone to Lawrence on that first Sunday and who became so interested in the strikers that he had stayed on to be one of the strike leaders. (One day while walking along a sidewalk in Lawrence he had been beaten insensible by the police, with no provocation.)

After a long talk together, Mr. Muste and Mr. F. B. became good friends. Again the League for Democratic Action wanted to get up a meeting featuring a debate between Mr. Muste and Mr. F. B. It would have been very interesting, but when I called up Mr. F. B. he said no, because he agreed too much with Mr. Muste.

In April I went to Lawrence again, taking Margrette Snow and also my son Sidney to crank and take care of the car while Margrette and I attended the strike investigation. This investigation, which Governor Calvin Coolidge had ordered when the mill owners refused to arbitrate, was to go

before a special Committee, and was held in the city hall, the floor and galleries of which were crowded. The mill owners were presenting their side and everyone was keen to hear, but not a word could be heard. The committee and the man testifying sat around a table at one end of the room and spoke in low murmurs. I finally worked my way up to a seat in the second row right in the midst of the mill magnates. Still I could not hear enough to catch the meaning half the time. Of course the crowd were bitterly disappointed. The witnesses were not sworn and tended to quote largely from what they had seen in the papers or had heard through several mouths. Yet Mr. Roewer, the lawyer for the strikers, was not allowed to ask any questions at the end of the testimony. The main form of argument ran like this: "This is not a strike. It is entirely brought about by outside agitators, parlor Bolsheviks, and degenerate sons of the Back Bay." There was no mention of wages paid or of any practical facts bearing on the cause of the strike.

During the lunch hour I took Sidney over the Pacific Mills textile print works. Such a wonderful sight. The smell of chlorine was so terrific Margrette refused to stay more than a few minutes. Only about half the machines were in operation, owing to the strike, said the man who showed us around. So I felt convinced, the evidence of the morning to the contrary, that the strike was handicapping the mills greatly. In the afternoon I boldly sat at one of the tables occupied by the reporters in order to hear a little better. When I produced a pencil, my reporter neighbor promptly handed me a batch of paper. I proceeded to jot down a few of the "atrocities," read in a muffled tone by the Police Marshal O'Brien, the Marshal to whom we had protested the first Sunday we went to Lawrence. It will be some time before I forget his coarse, hard face.

Here are some extracts from the atrocities read by Marshal O'Brien:

"Shots fired at police and church windows broken."

(Strange no police hurt.)

"Lighted match found in middle of kerosene on floor."

"Match found on floor and not lighted."

"Paper partly burned."

"Kerosene on front stairway—no fire."

And so he read on, telling of threats of violence but of practically no violence, really nothing compared to the damage inflicted on the supposed and real strikers by the police.

In the meantime the strike committee, thinking the investigation was amounting to nothing, sent a note to their attorney, Mr. Roewer, which he read out loud. Summed up, it amounted to this. "Since this hearing is a travesty of impartial inquiry and since the investigating committee has no

power to act and we are not allowed to question witnesses, it seems a waste of time for our lawyer to remain here longer and we hereby request him to leave immediately." Whereat Mr. Roewer marched away, followed by four-fifths of the crowd. The chairman of the investigating committee indignantly arose and said the hearing would continue and we stayed on to hear further direct testimony of atrocities. A Mr. Carr, a stranger in Lawrence, after long preliminaries finally came down to the climax and said never in all his travels had things come to such a pass that he, on going out of an evening, had not dared to leave his wife alone as was the case in Lawrence! He had heard a speech which had "made his American blood boil!" End of climax.

Mr. F. B. came up afterwards to ask me what I thought. I said I didn't have much use for the last witness, Mr. Carr. "I think he is a jackass." replied Mr. F. B., to which I agreed. Most of the witnesses called the strikers Bolsheviks and murderers but produced no evidence. A few days later, feeling hot on the subject, I wrote a letter to the ***Herald***, which to my surprise and delight was printed in the Sunday edition.

The Lawrence strike lasted three months. The strikers were anxious to have the dispute settled by some kind of arbitration board, but the employers persistently refused to submit to any kind of arbitration. Finally the strike was settled, allowing a 48-hour week with 55-hour pay. The strikers felt it was a victory for them, and the employers thought they had had their way.

An active member of the League for Democratic Control was Mrs. Elizabeth Glendower Evans, a philanthropist and champion of unpopular causes, who was constantly egging us on to be more active in our work. She was a charming old lady, with white hair, pink cheeks, a determined jaw, and black sparkling eyes. At one time she was much interested in a strike among the New Bedford Textile Mills and wanted me to keep her company on a trip to New Bedford. On arriving there by train we went to have lunch at the soup kitchen, where we had a chance to talk with many of the strikers. Their grievance was they had gone to work one morning and found a notice posted at the mill gates announcing a cut in pay for all. They felt they should have been given advance notice and been allowed to decide if they would continue to work at reduced rates. Infuriated at the abrupt announcement, they had all walked home and a strike was on.

After lunch, as there was a short time between appointments, Mrs. Evans, as was her custom, lay flat on the floor and rested. Before starting out again she dashed cold water over her cheeks and was as fresh as new. We then went boldly to the head office where several of the

high-up directors were expecting us. Mrs. Evans was a large stockholder in the mills and was treated with due respect. The director explained that they were not doing well financially and had felt obliged to lower wages. Mrs. Evans suggested that when you are dealing with human beings you should prepare them for the change, allow them to look at the figures, and let them see for themselves that the reduction was necessary. The directors meekly replied that they had made a mistake and would not repeat their blunder.

Some years later, in February 1936, as a member of a Citizens' Committee for the Ladies Garment Workers, I was asked to go watch the picket line from 7:00 to 9:00 A. M. It was suggested that I bring along a friend. I asked three women who had shown an interest in such problems, but they all offered rather weak excuses. So I went alone. The morning was decidedly cold, about twelve above, but I was warmly dressed. At first I saw only about forty strikers and many more policemen—with about four at the entrance to the most objectionable shop and three mounted police in the street. Every shop door was guarded by at least two policemen and the back doors by one. Cruising police cars were in constant circulation. The few strikers constantly and slowly walked in an endless chain on the sidewalk in front of Marcus, the employer who would have nothing to do with unions. Gradually members of the Citizens' Committee turned up and others I knew of the faithful: Mrs. Ripley, Miss Sara Dupont (old and deaf), Mrs. Rupert Emerson, Mrs. Schuyler Foster, Connie Anderson, Prof. Fairlee and Mrs. Roland Baker. She and I joined forces and walked up and down across the street where we had the best view and where we could walk at a faster pace than the strikers. About ten camera men with their flashlights were browsing round but I only saw them take one picture, for there was absolutely no excitement. A loud-speaker from a nearby window was playing the "Internationale" and the "Horst Wessel" tune of the Nazis, and occasionally a speaker would tell the strikers about the importance and strength of their cause. Mrs. Baker and I were finally lucky enough to spot one scab, a woman who entered the front door of the shop as easily as on any ordinary morning. A few calls of "Scab" and "We'll see you later" were the only taunts she had to face. ***Christian Science Monitor*** said the few scabs quit work altogether at midday. About 8:30 Mrs. Baker and I felt our presence was no longer needed and, being nearly congealed, we came home, a bit disappointed at the tameness of the whole proceedings but of course really glad. The morning ***Herald*** referred to violence and arrests. It may have been different in the afternoon. Anyway some of our committee were on hand to check up.

Sacco and Vanzetti

At the time of the arrest of the anarchists Sacco and Vanzetti the League became much interested in the case and I attended some of the trial sessions. In the first place there was no real evidence against either prisoner. Several weeks after the crime was committed they were arrested while in a street car, because they were armed, not because they were suspected of robbery.

Mr. William G. Thompson, a friend of my father's and member of a leading firm of lawyers, called me to his office to tell me that Captain Proctor, the police officer who had given damaging evidence at the trial, had told Mr. Thompson he did not think the fatal bullet had been fired from Sacco's pistol and had refused so to testify. However he had, under pressure from the District Attorney, testified taht he "thought it consistent with having been fired from a Colt pistol," and Sacco's pistol was a Colt. The Captain told Mr. Thompson his conscience was bothering him and asked what he should do. Mr. Thompson said, "Write out and sign an affidavit telling the truth." The policeman said, as he would lose his job and had a wife and family to support, he would think it over. But he came back and signed the affidavit, which Mr. Thompson produced in court before Judge Thayer, begging the Judge to call in the officer to testify. Judge Thayer refused and shortly afterwards Captain Proctor died. Mr Thompson had obtained permission to fire test bullets from Sacco's pistol, and this was done and photographs of the markings on the bullet were much enlarged. They proved to be quite different from those on the fatal bullet. Mr. Thompson begged the Judge to have his own tests made and the Judge refused. Shortly thereafter the pistol, supposed to be carefully guarded, vanished.

In Massachusetts the law is that a convicted man be held in jail (where no work is provided) until he has been sentenced. Upon being sentenced he is sent to prison and given regular work and exercise. Since Sacco was not sentenced for seven years, he dragged on his existence in a lonely cell in the Dedham jail.

Vanzetti was a philosopher and read in prison, but Sacco, who had been an active shoe-cutter, began to become mentally confused. Mrs. E. E. Jack taught him English; another friend showed him how to make string bags, but that did not interest him. I went to see him in the Dedham jail, where it was hoped I could find out some way to keep his mind busy. He told me that making the bags was just child's play. Later I sent him a sweater I had knitted for his daughter Ines and received the following letter of thanks:

June 6 1925
Dedham Jail

Dear Mrs. Shurtleff

June the 4th, our dear friend Mrs. Evans was out here to see me, and she brought me the little small elegant sweater which you send it for my little dear Ines, and I thank you ever so much for it and for the kind and excellent thought that you had towards my little beauty Ines.

I was so glad to get it because I know that it will prepare a great surprise to my little Ines. She is so dear to me that I cannot express myself how I do love her. Everytime that she does come see me, she always hug me, kiss me and kept on asking me if I have something for her, because she know that I do always prepare for her some little thing which my friends they bring me. One of this most active friend which does always bring to me little of something or other for my little Ines, it is our dear friend Mrs. Jack. But, it is for a few times now that she didn't feel cheerfully that she used to, of course, poor little dear! - she didn't feel good specially last time that she was out here to see me with her dear mother, she felt so badly that her mother she had to bring her home right away. And the mother! she was also look so depressed that I don't remember to have see her so badly . . . . Poor little dear mother. If they do not finish this iniquitous case sooner, I am afraid they will kill her before long. It is . . . to much sufferince all together insed and outsede the prison.

My association with the Sacco-Vanzetti affair had one rather amusing sidelight. One morning Mr. William G. Thompson called up to say, "Will you please come right around to my office and take Mrs. Weeks and her children home with you?" (Mr. Weeks had actually confessed to being the driver of the hold-up car which the prosecuting attorney had accused Vanzetti of driving.) Of course I said I would. Mr. Thompson explained that Mrs. Glendower Evans had planned to meet Mrs. Weeks at the station and take her to see her husband at the prison. But Mrs. Evans had broken her leg and Mrs. Weeks, having come with her children from Providence, not knowing what to do, had landed at Mr. Thompson's office.

I gave the Weeks family a good lunch and then we all taxied to the Charlestown Prison and settled down in the waiting room. All around the room were wives and mothers waiting to see their unfortunate relatives. Mrs. Weeks' baby was settled fast asleep in her arms and her four year

old boy was waiting patiently. Presently Mrs. Weeks' name was called and she started cheerfully to follow the warden. After a few moments she reappeared, dumped the baby in my arms, and left the boy at my side: no children allowed to see prisoners. At this moment the tired baby awoke, gave one look at me and started a fretful cry. Gradually she worked herself into a perfect fury. I threw off her bonnet and removed her coat and sweater as she grew redder and purpler in the face. Instead of cuddling her as any mother would, I turned her away from me towards big brother, in hopes his familiar face would comfort her. Still the shrieks grew louder and louder. All the fellow-waiters in the room seemed to take me for a hard-hearted mother, and offered suggestions. I began to wonder how long this situation could last, when most fortunately Mrs. Weeks returned. She had heard her infant's cry in the remote prison hall and could stand it no longer. Somehow the warden's heart was softened and he allowed the happy family to meet in his private room.

I later visited Mr. Weeks in the Charlestown Prison and he told me he was the driver of the bandit car and that Sacco and Vanzetti took no part in the hold-up. But confessions of men in prison carry no weight with judges and district attorneys. Another man, Celestino Madeiras, also admitted being one of the bandits, and, on November 16, 1926 sent the following statement to the ***Boston American***:

> "Dear Editor, I hereby confess to being in a stove company crime at south Braintree on April 15, 1920 and that Sacco and Vanzetti was not there, Signed
>
> Celestino Madeiros."

Cero and Gallo

Another personal experience had to do with a young Italian named Cero. He had been convicted of a murder in the North End of Boston. A few hours before the time set for execution, a friend had discovered sufficient evidence of his innocence to have the execution stayed. While awaiting a new trial, Cero was held for over a year in his cell in the Charles Street Jail, where no work was provided. I was told he was becoming a mental case and asked by the League for Democratic Control if I could help. I went to see him and encouraged him to tell me of his early days in Italy, near Mt. Vesuvius, and how he had run away from home. It occurred to me that he might beneficially write out his life, sending sections to me once a week. By this means I could help his English, which was not very good, and what he wrote might prove of real interest. He said he would like to do this but was afraid he would not be

allowed to. I thought I could handle the situation by sending him pencils and paper. As I went out I stopped at the warden's office to get permission. This he flatly refused. "Prisoners are not allowed pencil and paper." I did not see how I could pursue the matter further.

Finally a man named Gallo was arrested for the same murder, and Cero and Gallo had a joint trial which I attended. The prosecuting attorney bellowed at poor Cero so loudly that the Judge several times rebuked the lawyer, telling him he must lower his voice. Cero had occupied his silent cell for so long that he was quite dazed by the trick questions fired at him. The attorney said, for example, "After you heard the shot and ran across the street, and dropped your grey cap in the street, and went into the restaurant, did you have a cup of coffee?" Cero hesitated with his answer. The Judge considerately explained, "If a long list of preliminary statements are made in a question and if all are correct except one, your answer is NO." The trick is, that being anxious to be cooperative, the tendency of the witness is to say yes, if the statements are all true except the one about the color of the cap. Later on he is confronted with the fact that he said he dropped a grey cap, while his cap was really blue.

Happily, in the end both Cero and Gallo were set free.

XVIII

The Examining Committee

"The Public Library of the City of Boston, founded in 1852, and opened to the public in 1854, is the oldest free municipal library supported by taxation in any city of the World." (Quotation from pamphlet issued by the Boston Public Library in 1940.) At the time of its foundation, in addition to a Board of Trustees, it was also specified that the public Library appoint an Examining Committee every year, to serve without pay.

In 1922 I was asked to serve on this Committee and accepted with alacrity. At the first meeting I found myself surrounded by leading citizens of Boston. Cardinal O'Connell was the Chairman. Ellery Sedgwick was the President of the Board of Trustees and informed us of our duties. We were to check on the physical conditions of the main library and on its long-range policies; we were also to examine its thirty branch libraries and to find fault with the Trustees. At the end of the year our report was to be sent to the Trustees.

To reach the Trustees' room we went back of the room where books were delivered, and up narrow stairs which emerged into a high studded room with beautifully decorated walls, a large fireplace, and an ornate French clock on the mahogany mantel. I learned from my father's journal that this room was imported bodily from the Tuileries in Paris. We sat around a large mahogany table and tea and cookies were served.

The famous library building, designed by McKim, Mead & White, and opened in 1895, was considered the outstanding sight in Boston. The Library seal, placed over the front door and consisting of the figures of two nude young boys with a shield between them, was executed by Uncle Augustus Saint Gaudens. At first the lack of clothing scandalized the good citizens of Boston, but after the first shock I never heard the seal mentioned. Uncle Augustus was commissioned to do the large figures in front of the Library also. He worked hard designing them but died in 1907 before they were completed. His brother Louis Saint Gaudens was the sculptor of the two large lions on the stairway in the front hall.

Mr. Milton Lord, the Director, told me that at the opening of the building and while it was being admired by the crowd outside, Mr. McKim sat disconsolate in the directors' small room. His friends came in to congratulate him on the beauty of the building, to which he replied, "The

outside is all right but damned if I know where they are going to stack the books." This slight defect has not yet been overcome. The present stack rooms are so accessible to a side street that books are easily stolen. The roof, covered with large half-round Italian tiles, was also a continuous source of trouble as it leaked badly from the start, for lack of a waterproof roofing under the tiles. After many years of catching water in buckets under the tiles, and the constant expense of repairing the tiles, an entirely new roof was constructed.

As we visited the various branch libraries and won the confidence of the librarians they would pour out their complaints: inadequate rest rooms and space to repair books; reading rooms noisy on account of children; lighting poor; long delay in making new books available for circulation. For years our committee recommended that a handsome room on the first floor, used only for administrative purposes, be changed and opened to the public as an open shelf room. At length this was finally done. Attractive tables for children were also provided. The new room was and is a great success.

For some time I had felt that the money from one of the trust funds was not being used as specified. One year when Charles E. Wyzanski, Jr., later Judge of the Federal Court, was a member of a committee of which I was Chairman, I drew the matter to his attention. He agreed with me and was kind enough to write out our report, which the other members approved. This rather serious misapplication of funds, I think, has been rectified.

Getting to know the problems of a library from many sides I found very interesting, and I was asked to serve each year for eleven years. During my last year as examiner the various workers on the Library staff decided to form a union. The Director objected to this innovation but it seemed quite normal to me and I stood up for the change. Soon I found I was made an honorary member of the union. The next year, however, I no longer received a letter asking me to serve again on the Examining Committee. Was it due to natural rotation or had I lost favor? One of the union reports read: "Mrs. Margaret Shurcliff, a member of the Examining Committee, gave us a great deal of help (in starting the union)."

When the union was well under way the Director of the Library, Mr. Lord, was very cooperative. Mr. Kalish of the Library staff, a leader in the union, wanted members of other unions to have easy access to books. Ten mobile libraries were collected and made available at union meetings and sometimes left for a while at union headquarters. The books, carefully selected by Mr. Kalish, included such works as ***History of Trade Unions***, ***The Life of Gompers***, poems by Carl Sandburg, technical books and books

of general interest. One of the most popular books sent to the Plumbers' Union was the ***History of Plumbing***. Union members could obtain library cards at their meetings and take home books, all free of charge. This innovation of mobile libraries proved a great success.

XIX

Prowlers and Burglars

Prowlers

In the summer of 1918 at Ipswich I had occasion to call the police. Besides Arthur and myself, our household at that time consisted of our children—Sidney, Sarah, William, Jack, Elizabeth and Alice—another child, Mary Cooke, the nurse, and two maids. (Sidney, my oldest, was 12, and Alice, the youngest, only three.) When the help had their day off, all three preferred to go together. I always hoped Arthur would arrange to be at home but there were times when his work took him too far from Ipswich and Boston to get home for the night. This particular evening, when I was all alone with the children, Sarah came to me saying she had seen a man going towards the kitchen door. I went to the nursery window and saw a man passing by. "Hello, what do you want?" I called out in a friendly voice, thinking he was an acquaintance of the maids. Instead of answering me the man ran away as fast as he could, his pockets clinking as if they were full of silver. I did not like his unresponsive behavior and hurried out to make sure he was really going away. There was no indication he was leaving. No one was visible, all was quiet. Then Sarah, who was more scared and more sensible than I was, insisted that I call the police. They carefully asked for the location of our house and said they would be right there. I decided to stand by the gate where I could see if anyone did go down the driveway; then there would be no need for the police to worry. I was partly concealed by the low wooden fence around our house and a few shrubs on each side of the gateway.

It was only about nine o'clock and all seemed calm and peaceful. Sidney, carrying his 22, came along with the idea of defending me if necessary. Minutes passed and no car came up the driveway, but after a while I did notice a light flicking across the lower part of our road. Then suddenly I heard shouting. A shot was fired, someone called "Lie down." Then a small shabby-looking man with upturned coat collar walked in the front gate. I had not prostrated myself on the ground as ordered and I did not intend to let this thug walk into the house. "Who are you?" I said very firmly. "I am the Chief of the Police," he said. "There are two more of us outside. Go right in the house and stay there!" Sidney and I obeyed rather reluctantly.

After a long wait the Chief returned to the house, looking very

dejected, and explained the situation. He had quite intelligently parked his car on the main road and walked up the hill the better to find the intruders. Occasionally he used his flashlight, and in throwing the light in the bushes outside the gate, just a few feet from where I stood, he saw two men hiding in the shrubbery. He shouted to them to come out and fired over their heads, expecting the men to surrender. Instead of which they had run away and were nowhere to be found.

Next in order was a thorough search through the house, cellar and woodshed. Still no sign of the culprits. Then the chief inquired who was spending the night with me. When I replied "Just seven children," he said, "I can't leave you here alone. Those men may still be hanging around. I'll leave these two officers to look out for you. Don't mind if they prowl around the house during the night; at sunrise they will leave. They will knock on your window to tell you when they are going." Then to the officers he said, "How many cartridges have you left?" Thus having arranged for our defense the chief departed, leaving two rather tough-looking plain-clothesmen to spend the night in the house.

I speculated as to just what degree of hospitality should be extended to my protectors: the guest room with pajamas and clean sheets, or should I just show them the maids' rooms. While I was still thinking they started off on another search and I retired. But naturally not to sleep. Around midnight the telephone rang. I hoped my guests would answer but they didn't. So I went. "Is officer so and so there?" the voice asked. So then in my pigtails and general dishabille I had to go and wake up the police. All of which excitement meant I did not get a wink of sleep till after the police had called through the window that they were leaving.

One thing I learned. Don't rely on neighbors to come to the rescue. Many had heard the shot fired but thought nothing of it. Later on it was found out my strange visitors were of the Peeping Tom variety. The report got around that it was I who fired the gun; furthermore, that I was handy with a rifle. The result was that there were no more intruders in Ipswich.

A Burglar

Around one-thirty one night in April 1948, not sleeping very soundly, I heard strange noises overhead in Arthur's room on the third floor of our Boston house. Arthur, who was then 79 years old, had for some time kept a stick by his bed which he said he would tap if he needed me. I definitely heard a few taps, but not from Arthur's stick. Still I wondered if he was in trouble. While I was still listening I heard my bedroom door open. Light from the hall poured in the open door. But no one entered the

room. "Who is there?" I enquired. A strange man entered. "Is this Mrs. Leavitt's house?" he politely asked. "NO, IT IS NOT," I replied in my sternest tones. "Oh I thought it was, I'm sorry, I made a mistake," and he walked out and closed the door. I listened but heard no further sound. I can always hear the click of the front door when it is closed but I heard nothing. I put on my light and called the police. It took them a long time to answer and then they merely told me to call Station Eight. When I reached Station Eight, and told the officer what had happened, his attitude was, "Well, what do you want us to do about it? Shall I send around a police car?" I said "Yes, because the man may be still in the house." So he said they would get hold of a car.

All this time I was rather expecting the burglar would come into my room and gag me. But he had sounded like a timid soul. I locked my door and put on a wrapper and waited for the police. Before long I heard conversation in the front hall and decided my housekeeper, Louise, was letting in the police. I looked down the front hall and saw Louise just closing the front door. "Did the police come?" I asked. "No," said Louise, "A man was here and I just turned him out." She had noticed the light turned on in the kitchen hall and had heard a man's footsteps in the parlor and dining room overhead. She knew they were not Sidney's or Arthur's so she dashed upstairs in only her nightgown and ran straight into the man. The front hall light was on. "What are you doing here?" she asked. He again asked, "Is this Mrs. Leavitt's house?" and Louise said, "How did you get in?" He said, "The lady upstairs let me in," to which Louise replied, "You get right out of here," and shooed him out. After some time the police came. We found the man had entered by Arthur's open window, had ransacked Arthur's trousers pocket and taken about $20.00 cash and $80.00 in travelers' checks. As far as we could see the only other thing he took was a matchbox from my bathroom.

The police left after about twenty minutes and then went out to look for the man. Arthur was a little surprised to be waked by me and to find two policemen in his room, but he took it fairly calmly. As for me, the man had seemed so meek and co-operative I really was not much scared. As I entered Arthur's room, with everything in a mess, I was alarmed for a moment lest the burglar had injured Arthur. But he had slept all the while the burglar was in the room. We all went back to bed and to sleep, thankful no one was hurt.

The following Sunday afternoon, while Arthur and I were in Concord for dinner with our grandsons Peter and Charles Lowell, Louise reported the same man came to the back door and asked if "the janitor lived here." she was frightened and slammed the door in his face. He loitered around

our back yard and the next door neighbor's and then disappeared up the fire escape of 25 Chestnut Street. Monday evening Louise slept in the front room beside me and we all had a good night. We heard no more of our burglar.

XX

A Report Center Telephonist

In the midst of World War II, in June 1942, I was asked to serve as a Report Center Telephonist. This boresome duty had been carried on by the people of Ipswich all winter and I wanted to do my share. The most unpopular time for volunteers was Saturday mornings from 8:00 to 1:00 so I undertook to take over that watch.

Three German saboteurs had landed on Long Island Beach from a submarine in the spring of 1942 and we all felt that the Ipswich beach and inland creeks offered tempting landing possibilities for the enemy. At that time also I was awakened night after night by heavy bombing blasts which rocked the house and rattled the windows. We later found out that the moving picture about the capture of Wake Island by the Japanese was staged on Plum Island and real bombs had been used. How was I to guess that realistic sound movies were being staged night after night in the middle of a serious war?

The headquarters of the report center was in the basement of one of the public school buildings. It had windows on one side looking out on the Ipswich River, which rose and fell with the tide. The men of Ipswich nobly took on the night watches, so on the morning of my first appearance I relieved two weary men whom I judged, by the number of cigarette butts, had been smoking all night. The windows were not only tight shut but blacked out with wooden shutters. The stale smoky air was a disagreeable contrast to the bright spring day I had left outside. I opened up windows and swept away ashes and then settled down to read the book of instructions. The general principle was easily explained. Salem was the center of our district. If Salem heard of a far-off air raid they were to call IPSWICH YELLOW. We were to repeat the message to Salem and then notify all the Ipswich names on a card catalogue by simply saying IPSWICH YELLOW. When the raid got nearer we were to say IPSWICH BLUE; finally the "Danger" warning was to be IPSWICH RED. All that I took in at the first reading, but was far from satisfied.

Supposing the Ipswich center were called up by someone in the neighborhood who reported enemy planes or someone who saw a saboteur swimming across the creek? Then what should I say? And here was the instruction I found:

"In the event of the original warning being a 'RED' one, answer in

the same manner saying 'IPSWICH RED' and hold the line open until the 'WHITE' or 'ALL CLEAR' is received."

So in case of a real attack I was ***not*** to notify Mr. Doughty, our chief warden. I was not to notify the Fire or Police Department. I was not to notify anyone in the Ipswich card catalogue but just Salem and hold the line. In fact our rule said not to say anything except in code. And this code was the result of six months' thought by the higher-ups!

It didn't take me long to tell the authorities what I thought of the code and before long it was changed. But not before a little town had had just the experience I had foreseen. Their Report Center was notified of enemy planes off the coast. They called up the district center with the RED code word and hung on to the line. All the Cape was signalled on the YELLOW and BLUE. All the wardens got ready for action, blew whistles and aroused the population. But the little town stayed quiet, completely forgotten in the red tape of signals, which was just as well as the planes were not hostile after all.

When the responsibility for air raid warnings was finally moved to Fire Headquarters I tried my hand as an airplane spotter. I went with Ruth Haydock to a tower on Town Hill, which commanded a wonderful view of Ipswich Harbor, Plum Island and Little Neck. Here was good air and good company—positively a pleasure, and only two hours at a stretch instead of five.

Figure 18. Sit-Down Strike on West Cedar Street by Mrs. George G. Smith and others.

XXI

The Battle of the Bricks

A spontaneous sit-down strike spread over West Cedar Street on Beacon Hill in Boston during April 1947. The residents for several days had passively watched a noisy bulldozer dig up their narrow street, leaving exposed only deep, slimy mud out of which stuck, like periscopes, iron pipes terminated with square caps.

But when huge trucks arrived and batches of lively workers began to attack the sidewalks, tossing the precious bricks into the trucks, housewives, children and grandmothers appeared with chairs and rugs and sat down to guard their time-honored bricks from vandalism. While these determined groups carried on their sit-down strike others collected signatures to a petition for Mayor Curley and Street Commissioner Robert Curley.

A hearing was requested and the Mayor set the date for Wednesday, April 30th, at eleven in the morning. Meanwhile a truce was called on the work of brick removing. On the morning of the fatal Wednesday, Mrs. Walter Dewey looked out her window and with horror saw her very own bricks being thrown into a truck. Hastily she dressed, rushed down her front steps and planted her massive weight firmly on the bricks about to be eased away. "Don't you dare take another brick!" she commanded in tones not free from agitation. "Gee lady, you sound mad," said the laborer, "I guess I'd better get out of this," and off he went.

Taking advantage of her temporary victory, Mrs. Dewey started to reclaim her bricks from the truck, but the driver knew his rights too. "Don't touch them bricks," he shouted, "They are bought and paid for."

Mrs. George Smith down the street was not so lucky. A workman started to remove her bricks and she too put her weight on as many bricks as she could cover and asked the man to desist. However, a gentle disposition can be sadly ineffective in a crisis, and Mrs. Smith might have spared her words for all the effect they had on the brick snatcher. Then appeared the milkman, who saw her predicament and came to the rescue. "Mrs. Smith," he said "I am on your side." Out-Raleighing Raleigh, he extended his full length on the remaining bricks and the snatcher gave up. Mrs. Smith got down on her knees to replace in her sidewalk all the bricks she could find, only hoping the ever present photographer would not choose that moment to snap her. All day Mrs. Smith sat guard for the sidewalks on her block, yet in spite of her vigilance she found at the

end of the day that hers were the only bricks which had been removed, she knew not how or when.

A bus was chartered to take the delegation of petitioners from Louisburg Square to City Hall, where we were all led into the Mayor's spacious square office. He was already in the center of the room, seated at a highly polished oval mahogany table; beside him was the Street Commissioner. We ladies were all seated, the gentlemen stood and, the photographers buzzed around. I noticed my friend Dick Wilkes from ***Life*** magazine was there with his photographer, Mr. Kelley. Mayor Curley began reading out loud the protesting letters he had received. "Here is a letter from our old friend Eleo Sears of Byron Street." He next read letters from Mrs. Fiske Warren, Miss Frances G. Curtis and Mr. William Sumner Appleton. They all expressed "horror at the act of vandalism," etc.

John Codman took charge of presenting the case for the petitioners and first introduced Dana Somes from the Boston Society of Architects. Mr. Somes drew attention to the added labor required to change wire and pipe service from the street to a house, if granolithic blocks had to be broken up and then repoured every time a dwelling was turned into an apartment house. He also said the proposed sidewalks would be dangerously slippery in winter, whereas now we could "cling" to the bricks.

It came to my mind how many of us prefer to walk in the streets rather than take a chance on our uneven icy bricks. It even occurred to me how much easier it would be to shovel snow off a smooth surface, but I knew these were traitorous thoughts.

Mrs. E. Sohier Welch, looking very fresh and pretty with a crisp white ruffle outside her navy blue jacket, spoke quietly with crystal-clear enunciation. She compared the inappropriateness of pouring granolithic paving squares over our sidewalks with the desecration it would be to constuct an elevator to take the sight-seers up the cliff to St. Kevin's Cave at Glendalough. She explained how Williamsburg in Virginia was merely a reproduction of what ***we*** had inherited in the original and which we should pass on to coming generations. At this Mayor Curley broke in to enthuse over Williamsburg. He had been there. He knew the "beauty of the colorful red bricks. The whole of Williamsburg is a great work. Visitors come there not only from the United States but from all over the world."

As our speakers grew more and more impassioned and even raved over the cobblestones of Louisburg Square, (the few remaining cobbles in Boston), I was completely overcome with pride at the historic environment of my upbringing. It was brought out that tourists flock to see our

quaint streets. Fourteen hundred passed through Mrs. Dewey's house in one day last spring and paid an entrance fee. Movie producers had selected our neighborhood for their choice English sets. Our bricks are hard, our bricks have a superior color and every brick is precious.

Then spoke the Street Commissioner. The bricks were old and crumbly (cries of "NO"). No more bricks can be bought (hoots). The curbs needed to be raised and the bricks would no longer fit the space and there were no bricklayers (more hoots). At the mention of the scarcity of bricks Mayor Curley interjected they must all have been thrown at him.

One zealous petitioner suggested that as there were plenty of brick sidewalks in the South End we should take their bricks and pour granolithic sidewalks for them. Mrs. Patterson, a West Cedar Street resident, said she would be glad to lay her own bricks and many others would do the same.

The Mayor's turn came next. His main point was the yearly cost to the city in damage suits. Since the introduction of granolithic sidewalks the accident rate had steadily declined. He produced a sheaf of records of the last year's accidents and read every one to us in detail. At the end John Codman, who had taken notes excitedly, rose to say that not one of the accidents had taken place on Beacon Hill.

The Mayor exchanged a few words with the Street Commissioner and then said, "Let them have bricks. You can't sweep back the ocean with a broom." There was a slight pause before the amazed petitioners appreciated the full significance of these words. Then cheers.

And as we shook him by the hand our hearts said, "No more bricks to you, Mayor Curley, but bouquets."

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